★ Jan. 3, 1948

THE NEW YORKER

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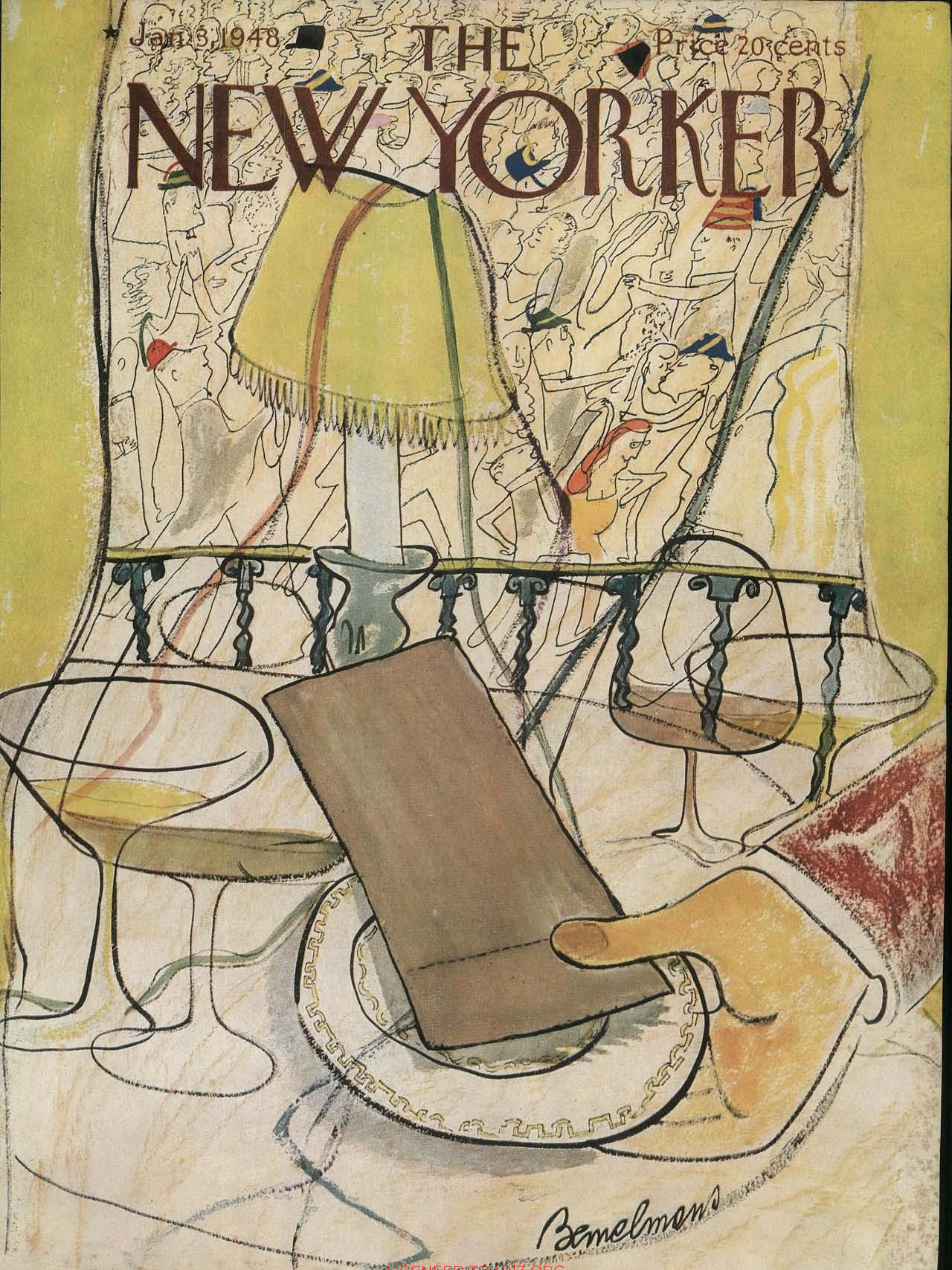

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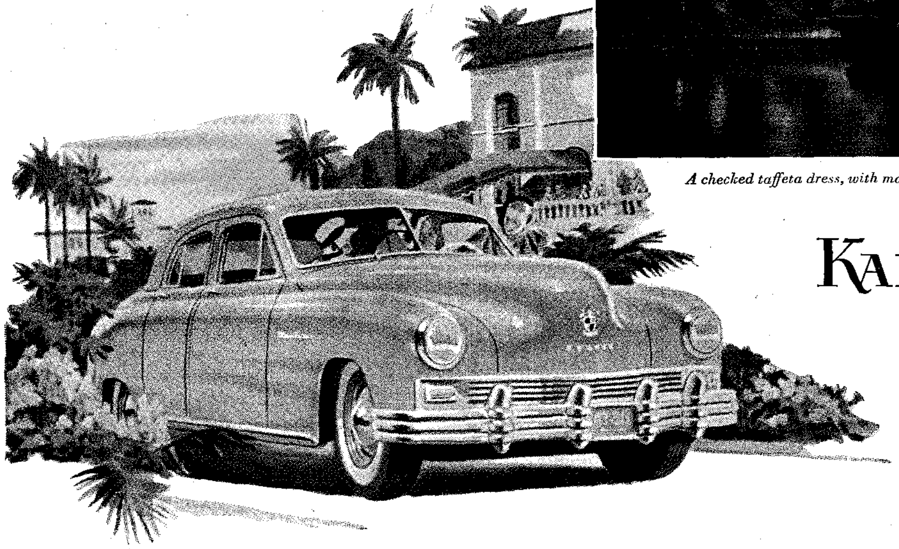

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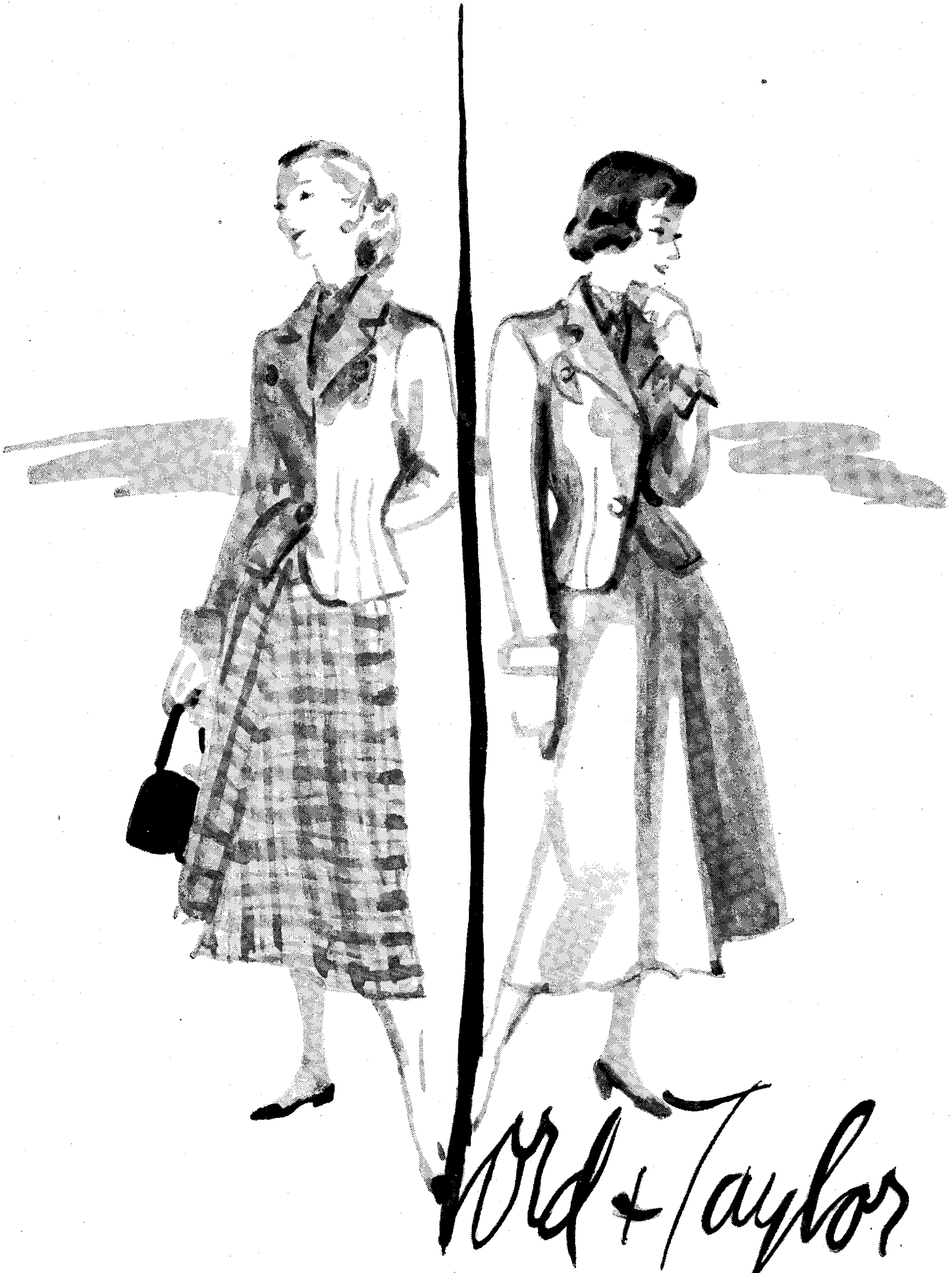

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules, because of New Year's Day. There may be still further changes, so you'd do well to check with the newspapers before making plans.... ¶ E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Antony and Cleopatra—Katharine Cornell is very regal and spirited, if not, perhaps, quite as abandoned as she might be, in this excellent revival. Godfrey Tearle makes a fine, touching Antony, and there are other effective performances, by Kent Smith, Ralph Clanton, and Ivan Simpson. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:15.)

Command Decision—A taut and expert drama having to do with our Air Forces in England and their difficulties with the boys in the Pentagon. With Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursday, Jan. 1, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Crime and Punishment—Rodney Ackland has captured all Dostoevski's gloom but not much else in this dramatization of the novel. John Gielgud, Lillian Gish, and Dolly Haas head the enormous cast, which has been directed by Theodore Komisarjevsky. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 1.)

For Love or Money—June Lockhart's unusual charm does a great deal to alleviate a pretty mechanical play. With John Loder, Vicki Cummings, Paula Trueman, and Mark O'Daniels. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Heiress—An adaptation of Henry James's "Washington Square" that is both a penetrating study of New York society in 1850 and an exciting play. Wendy Hiller is magnificent at the head of a cast that includes Basil Rathbone and Patricia Collinge. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, Jan. 4.)

An Inspector Calls—J. B. Priestley's play, which tries to fix the moral responsibility for a suicide, begins much better than it ends. Thomas Mitchell and Melville Cooper are in it, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke directed it. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 1.)

Man and Superman—It's probably no news these days that women chase men, but Maurice Evans has given this Shaw play devoted to the subject a very nice production. He also stars in it, and is aided by Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 1.)

Medea—Judith Anderson is overpowering as the bloodiest heroine in literature. Robinson Jeffers did the "free adaptation," and in the supporting cast are Dennis King and Florence Reed. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 1.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams' new play about a woman's disintegration is better than "The Glass Menagerie" and by far the best thing to appear this season. Jessica Tandy gives a lovely performance in the leading role, and Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter assist her superbly. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Winslow Boy—Except for a little interpolated romance, this Terence Rattigan play, based on a famous British trial, is most satisfactory. The cast, imported from England by John C. Wilson and the Theatre Guild, includes Alan Webb, Frank Allenby, and Valerie White. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Young Man's Fancy—Something to do with the reformation of a sissy at a children's summer camp. You may as well skip it. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 1, at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**born yesterday:** Judy Holliday as an enlightened tramp and Paul Douglas as a scheming junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 1.) ... **burlesque:** Bert Lahr in the revival of the 1927 hit. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sunday at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 10.) ... **happy birthday:** The testimonial to Helen Hayes. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **harvey:** Frank Fay, Josephine Hull, and that six-foot, invisible rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 1.) ... **john loves mary:** About the soldier who comes home to marry the Senator's daughter. With William Prince and Nina Foch. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) ... **the voice of the turtle:** Harvey Stephens is the sergeant, and Phyllis Ryder and Peggy French play his two girls. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Topaze—The New Opera Company's production of the play by Marcel Pagnol, adapted by Benn Levy. The cast, directed by Leo Mittler, includes Oscar Karlweis, Tilly Losch, and Clarence Derwent. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 1.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—A play with music, and two jokes, about the first thirty-five years of a doctor's life. Richard Rodgers' score is all right, but Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's ballets don't help at all. Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, Roberta Jonay, Kathryn Lee, Muriel O'Malley, and Lisa Kirk. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Wings—Paul and Grace Hartman have six very funny numbers in this revue, but the rest of the program is fairly discouraging. With Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 1.)

Brigadoon—A good-looking and tuneful show, of Scottish persuasion. It is full of accomplished people, among them David Brooks and Pamela Britton, but its laughs are thin. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Button Shoes—Some nonsense dealing with the 1913 Rutgers football team and a couple of confidence men, turned into a highly agreeable evening by Nanette Fabray's stylish performance and Jerome Robbins' wonderful Mack Sennett ballet. With Phil Silvers, Lois Lee, and Joey Faye. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 1.)

Music in My Heart—Tschaikowsky's emotional life was certainly never as dull as it is made to seem here. His music, however, is occasionally well represented, and Vivienne Segal, Martha Wright, and Charles Fredericks are a lot better than their lines. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 1, at 3. May close Saturday, Jan. 3.)

Long Runs—**annie get your gun:** The celebrated Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **call me mister:** Life as it never was in the Army—or out of it, either. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:35. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:35.) ... **finian's rainbow:** The one about a leprechaun. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) ... **oklahoma!:** In saecula saeculorum. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Cradle Will Rock—A revival of Marc Blitzstein's opera, with a cast headed by Alfred Drake, Vivian Vance, Muriel Smith, and Will Geer. Produced by Michael Myerberg and directed by Howard da Silva. (Mansfield, 47th

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St., W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:50. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company—The London Gilbert and Sullivan repertory company, including Charles Dorning, Darrell Fancourt, Martyn Green, and Denise Findlay. Their first offering, "The Mikado," will run through Saturday, Jan. 3, followed by a week of "The Pirates of Penzance" and "Trial by Jury." (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinée Thursday, Jan. 1.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it would be a good idea to investigate further before going to the theatre.)

Volpone—The first of several plays to be presented by the New York City Theatre Company, which includes José Ferrer, Richard Whorf, and Paula Laurence. Opens for a ten-day engagement on Thursday, Jan. 8. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Paul Draper and Larry Adler—In their annual series of harmonica-and-dance recitals, this year with Josh White, the folk singer. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Jan. 4.)

Ruth Draper—The monologuist, in a five-week engagement. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

Icetime of 1948—Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Sunday evenings at 8:15; other evenings, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3; special matinées Thursday and Friday, Jan. 1-2, at 2:40.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

Children's World Theatre—"Many Moons," a dramatization of a story by James Thurber, Friday through Sunday, Jan. 2-4, at 2:30 P.M.; "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturday, Jan. 10, at 2:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. For tickets, call WA 4-0722.) . . . ¶ "Jack and the Beanstalk," Thursday and Friday, Jan. 1-2, and Sunday, Jan. 4; all at 2:30 P.M. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. For tickets, call AT 9-1048.)

Hänsel and Gretel—Presented in English by the Lemonade Opera. (Greenwich Mews Playhouse, 141 W. 13th St. WA 9-4868 or CH 2-9360. Friday, Jan. 2, at 11:30 A.M., and Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2:30 P.M.)

Vaudeville—Larry Adler and Paul Draper, assisted by Paul Winchell, a ventriloquist; Prince Mendes, a magician; and the Salici Puppets. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Matinées daily, through Sunday, Jan. 4, at 2:30.)

Concerts—The Philharmonic-Symphony, Rudolph Ganz conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday morning, Jan. 10, at 11.) . . . ¶ The American Youth Orchestra, Dean Dixon conducting. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 10, at 2. For tickets, call AU 3-2681.)

Movies—Films of interest to children are shown on Saturday mornings at 11 at the Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre. (Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180.) . . . ¶ The Beacon Theatre (Broadway at 74th St., TR 4-9132) provides children's films and vaudeville every Saturday from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A supervised playroom-art gallery, where four-to-eight-year-olds are given a free rein with paper, crayons, and poster paints. Fifty-minute sessions are held weekdays, except New Year's Day, at 10 and 11 A.M. and 2, 3, and 4 P.M., and Sundays at 2, 3, and 4 P.M. For reservations, call CI 5-8900. Closes Sunday, Jan. 4.

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. Several of them are closed or have fill-in entertainers on Sundays, Mondays, or Tuesdays, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those nights.)

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DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—In the Trianon Room, Lary Siry, the inventor of the coming-out party, heads up a dance orchestra. A rumba band, too.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Russ Morgan's orchestra not only plays but puts on a show now and then in the Bowman Room.

Commodore, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000)—Mel Tormé, a sandpiper much in favor with the small fry, is spending the holidays here. Sonny Dunham's orchestra.

LaRue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A well-established preparatory school, noted for the excellence of its table. Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like this. Peter Walters is at the piano during dinner, and Joel Shaw's orchestra and José Mora's rumba band play for dancing afterward.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Xanadu in modern dress. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room has Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band, and every once in a while a decorous little show is trundled forth. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays for tea dancing daily and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—The Rendez-Vous Room, a sumptuous arrangement of colorfully upholstered waiters, banquettes, and violinists, is the place for those who are fond of light wines and dancing. Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras. . . . ¶ In the Persian Room, at dinner and supper, Hildegarde, giving the ringside customers the once-over-lightly. Joel Herron's and Mark Monte's orchestras, both somewhat in awe of the whole thing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—Emery Deutsch's string orchestra turns out dinner music in the sedate Oval Room; no dancing.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Down under, in the good-looking Maisonette, you get a pleasant young pair of songbirds called Nype and Coté, and dance music. . . . ¶ Upstairs, in the Iridium Room, which is kind of princely, Ted Straeter, the town's best-dressed pianist, at the head of his new band, to which Johnny Guarnieri's trio lends valiant aid. Mary Raye and Naldi dance at dinner and supper.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra and Clemente's marimba band rustle up rococo music in the plushy Café Lounge. Tea dancing every afternoon.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A treasurehouse of material for the child psychologists. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band play for dancing. Tea dancing Sunday afternoons.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Ilona Massey, doing a good enough job with the standard prima-donna repertory. Dance music by Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Sert Room, Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Mischa Borr's rumba band, both in good form, provide dance music, and there's a show at suppertime. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Glossy piano playing, at cocktails and dinner by Les Crosley and after nine o'clock by Cy Walter. . . . **Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra and Ralph Rotgers' rumba band perform jauntily for dancing in this amiable standby. . . . **Dorset Bar**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A glittery showcase for (after eight-thirty) the piano music of Les Crosley. . . . **Café Society Downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Worth a visit just to watch Rose Murphy teasing a piano and singing in her high-frequency fashion. Dancing, too—by Dorothy Jarnac as well as the guests—and music by Ed Hall's band and Cliff Jackson. . . . **Armando's**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler is at the piano after nine-thirty in this ancient grotto. . . . **Barberry Room**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox, playing the piano after ten-thirty, when most of the gin-rummy games are over. . . . **Little Club**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A cozy throwback to the twenties, with gypsy prowler music at dinner and Louis Hawkins at the piano after ten. . . . **Café Trouville**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): A comfortable oasis, with Alex Fogarty (after nine) gently stroking a baby grand. . . . **1-2-3 Club**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): A calm little glade, with Roger Stearns at the piano all evening. . . . **Madison**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): At teatime (it still exists) and dinner, dance music by the Debonairs. . . . **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56th St. (CI 6-6116): Musical-comedy Russia served up with a certain verve. . . . **El Chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Andalusian hubbub, in a jovial cellarette.

BIG AND BRASSY

Carnival, Eighth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 6-4122): George Jessel, more of a stranger in town than some of his gags, mixed up in a show that includes at least two kitchen stoves. Ed Wynn (and where has *he* been?) will relieve Mr. Jessel, starting Sunday, Jan. 4. . . . **Copacabana**, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Never mind the all too solid pillars and waiters; Peter Lind Hayes and Mary Healy will cheer you up. On Thursday, Jan. 8, they will be replaced by Gertrude Niesen. Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band.

SUPPER CLUBS

(Entertainment but no dancing, unless noted.)

Blue Angel, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): A felicitous blend of wit (Jay Marshall and Kaye Ballard) and beauty (Amanda Lane). Music by the Three Flames, the Ellis Larkin Trio, and Harold Cook. On Monday, Jan. 5, Herb Jeffries will replace Mr. Marshall. . . . **Village Vanguard**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey, the master of the non-sequitur monologue, and Josephine Premice, whose contribution is rather more physical. Dance music by Max Kaminsky's trio. . . . **Ruban Bleu**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The impeccable Maxine Sullivan, and the reasonably accomplished Deep River Boys. . . . **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): Merry songs by Thelma Carpenter and Garland Wilson, and fin-de-siècle songs by Spivy. . . . **One Fifth Avenue**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The show here is mainly Louise Howard, a humorist with distinctly sassy inclinations. On Tuesday, Jan. 6, Hope Emerson will take over.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

Eddie Condon's, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): Wild Bill Davison and his stentorian trumpet, plus Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other noisemakers. In between, the unique Joe Sullivan at the piano. On Tuesday nights, the uproar is increased by the work of distin-

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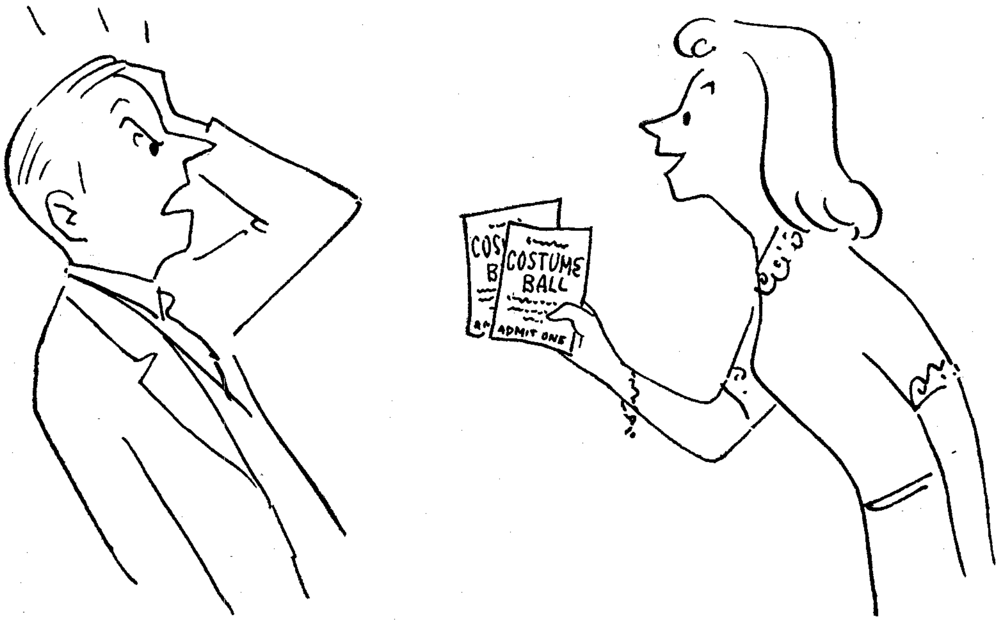

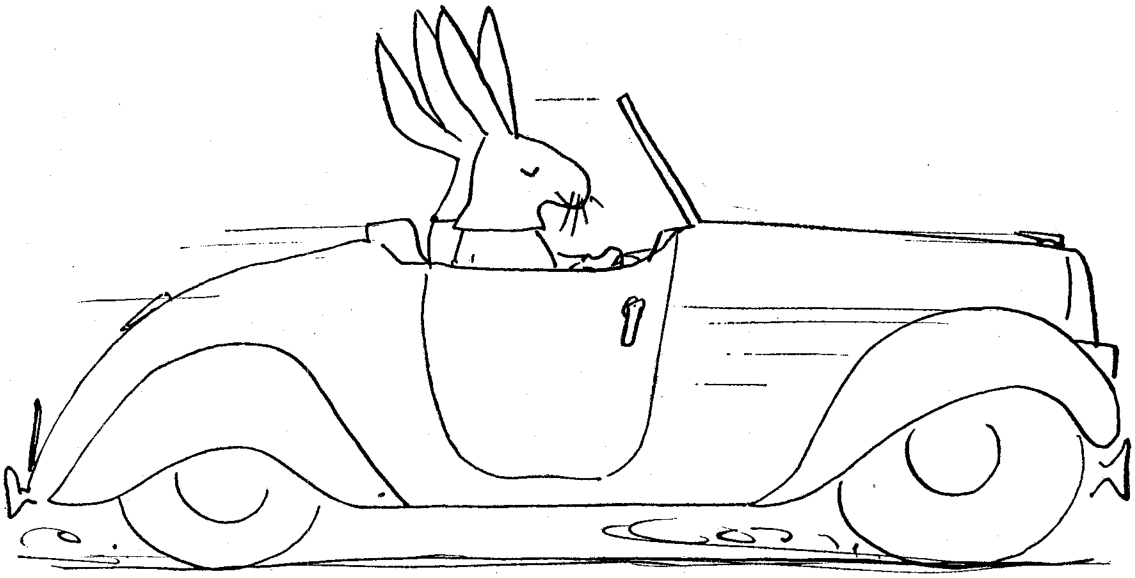

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guished visitors.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Russell, Freddie Ohms, Billy Butterfield, and their colleagues, all blowing hot and blue. Visiting performers drop in here on Sunday afternoons.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' musicianly trio. There's a jam session every Sunday afternoon.... **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): This big Spanish wine cellar is enlivened by the muted but turbulent rhythms of an octet headed by Sidney and Wilbur de Paris.... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The circular bar once again surrounds Joe Marsala and his band, which, happily, includes Adele Girard and her harp.... **ONYX**, 57 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-7835): Sarah Vaughan is now in residence here.... **THREE DEUCES**, 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9861): Slam Stewart's trio.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Erwin Kent's orchestra.... **NEW YORKER**, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (ME 3-1000): Larry Clinton's orchestra, and an ice show.... **PENNSYLVANIA**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra.... **ROOSEVELT**, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra.

ART

(Most galleries and museums open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays. Unless otherwise noted, they will be closed on New Year's Day.

GALLERIES

DAVID BURLIUK—New paintings, in his familiar mixture of Expressionism and Surrealism, which range in locale from Mexico to eastern Long Island. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 3.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—A more than usually ingratiating exhibition of his mobile and stabile sculptures. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 3.)

CORBELLINI—An Italian painter, new to this country, shows a series of slightly Renoirish, sunny studies of children. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through Jan. 10.)

SALVADOR DALI—Recent paintings, technically as deft as ever, in a glittering but not very profound Surrealist survey of the atomic era. (Bignou, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 3.)

JO DAVIDSON—A retrospective show of nearly two hundred portrait busts. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St. Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 1.)

HERBERT FERBER—Tense abstract sculptures. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 3.)

FRENCH—At the **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A satisfying show of drawings by nineteenth-century artists, including Renoir, Ingres, and van Gogh; through Jan. 10.... **NIVEAU**, 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings, never shown here before, by Bombois, Dufy, and others; through Jan. 15.

GROUPS—At the **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 106 E. 57th St.: Lawrence Lebduska, John C. Pellew, and others; weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; Sundays, 2:30 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 9.... **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57th St.: Prints by Toulouse-Lautrec, as well as by some contemporary artists; through Jan. 5.... **KOOTZ**, 15 E. 57th St.: Byron Browne, Romare Bearden, and others; through Jan. 3. ... **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Louis Bouché, Preston Dickinson, and others; through Jan. 3.... **MACBETH**, 11 E. 57th St.: Joseph De Martini, Ogden Pleissner, and others; through Jan. 3.... **MIDTOWN**, 605 Madison Ave., at 58th St.: William Thon, Dong Kingman, Gladys Rockmore Davis, and others; through Jan. 3.... **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Eugene Ludins, B. J. O. Nordfeldt, and others; through Jan. 3.... **PERLS**, 32 E. 58th St.: Darrel Austin, Mario Carreño, and others, together with some modern French artists; through Jan. 3.

HAITIAN ART—A collection of vigorous paintings and drawings by contemporary Haitian artists. (Jacques Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 3.)

STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER—New paintings and engravings, particularly adroit in the use of color and balance, by the British-born abstractionist. (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 10.)

KARL KNATHS—New abstractions, mainly relating to seaside subjects, and displaying much insight and dignity. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 3.)

EDWARD LEAR—An exhibition of pleasant, workmanlike water colors by the humorist. However, a few manuscript jingles and nonsense drawings steal the show. (Dix, 760 Madison Ave., at 65th St.; through Jan. 3.)

JOHN MARIN—Cape Split and other Maine-coast subjects, together with some ventures inland, in water colors and oils. (An American Place, 509 Madison Ave., at 53rd St.; through Jan. 31.)

JOHN PIKE—Crisp, evocative water colors, mostly landscapes. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 3.)

CHARLES RAIN—First one-man showing in twelve years of canvases by a man who combines something of Pierre Roy's miniaturistic accuracy with, occasionally, something of Roy's emptiness. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 3.)

HARRY STERNBERG—Surrealist techniques and Freudian symbolism applied, most successfully, to a series of paintings illustrating man's commonest current insecurities. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 10.)

RUFINO TAMAYO—New paintings, dark in tone and very forceful. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 3.)

MARK TOBEY—Abstractions, done in ghostly whites and full of delicate, dreamlike suggestions. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through Jan. 3.)

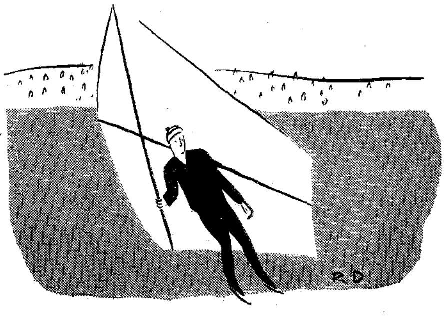
STOW WENGENROTH—A retrospective show by the prominent lithographer. (Kennedy, Fifth Ave. at 60th St.; through Jan. 14.)

MUSEUMS

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Displays of Jewish ceremonial objects, synagogue architecture, and contemporary paintings, in a recently opened section of the Museum.... ¶ Primitive paintings by Raisa Robbins; through Jan. 8. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, including New Year's Day, 2 to 9 P.M.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibition of medieval, Renaissance, and modern French tapestries, lent by the French government; through Feb. 29.... ¶ Prints by Japanese artists of the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries; through Feb. 15.... ¶ A collection of nineteenth-century American glass; through March 31. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A compact but comprehensive show of paintings by Ben Shahn; through Jan. 4.... ¶ Drawings, blueprints, models, and photographs in a retrospective display of work by Mies van der Rohe, the architect; through Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.; and New Year's Day, 1 to 10 P.M.)



MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54th St.—A collection of water colors by Rudolf Bauer, Wassily Kandinsky, and Hilla Rebay. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 15.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—The 1947 Annual of Contemporary American Paintings, rather mixed as to both style and quality, but a lively show nevertheless. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 25.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447; and for the Metropolitan Opera House it's PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday evening, Jan. 1, at 8: "Manon," with Bidu Sayao, Charles Kullman, and Martial Singher.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 2, at 8: "La Gioconda," with Daniza Ilitsch, Risë Stevens, Richard Tucker, and Leonard Warren.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 3, at 2: "Tristan und Isolde," with Helen Traubel, Blanche Thebom, Lauritz Melchior, and Joel Berglund.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 3, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Bidu Sayao, Mimi Benzell, Jussi Bjoerling, and John Brownlee.... ¶ Sunday evening, Jan. 4, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Eleanor Steber, Thelma Votipka, Jan Peerce, and Francesco Valentino; a benefit for the Mizrachi Women's Organization.... ¶ Monday evening, Jan. 5, at 8:30: "Tosca," with Pia Tassinari, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Alexander Sved.... ¶ Wednesday matinée, Jan. 7, at 2: "Das Rheingold," with Kerstin Thorborg, Polyna Stoska, and Joel Berglund. ... ¶ Wednesday evening, Jan. 7, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Lily Pons, Claramae Turner, Felix Knight, and Salvatore Baccaloni.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 8, at 8: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Stella Roman, Jussi Bjoerling, and Leonard Warren.... ¶ Friday evening, Jan. 9, at 8: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Irene Jessner, Eleanor Steber, Emanuel List, and Kurt Baum.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Jan. 10, at 2: "Louise," with Dorothy Kirsten, Margaret Harshaw, Raoul Jobin, and John Brownlee.... ¶ Saturday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Lily Pons, Lucielle Browning, Jan Peerce, and Leonard Warren.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Charles Münch conducting—Arthur Honegger's dramatic oratorio "Joan of Arc at the Stake," with Vera Zorina, Nadine Conner, the Westminster Choir, and others, Thursday evening, Jan. 1, at 8:45; Friday afternoon, Jan. 2, at 2:30; and Sunday afternoon, Jan. 4, at 3.... ¶ Thursday evening, Jan. 8, at 8:45, and Friday afternoon, Jan. 9, at 2:30; both with Leonard Rose, cello. (Carnegie Hall.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday evening, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Serge Koussevitzky conducting; a benefit for the Salvation Army. (Metropolitan Opera House. Tuesday evening, Jan. 6, at 8:45.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Walter Hendl conducting a concert sponsored by the League of Composers. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 3, at 8:30.)

LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY—Thomas K. Scherman conducting, with Dorothy Maynor, soprano. (Town Hall. Monday evening, Jan. 5, at 8:30.)

DON COSSACK CHORUS—Serge Jaroff directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 2, at 8:30.)

CANTATA SINGERS—Arthur Mendel directing the last three parts of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Rose Dirman, soprano, and others. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday evening, Jan. 4, at 8:45. For tickets, call CA 5-4171.)

VINAVER CHORUS—Chemjo Vinaver directing.

(Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Saturday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Paganini Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 2, at 8:30.)

Kirsten Flagstad—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 3, at 2:30.)

Budapest Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday evening, Jan. 3, at 8:15. . . . ¶ Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400, Ext. 17. Monday and Wednesday evenings, Jan. 5 and 7, at 8:40.)

Marian Anderson—Contralto. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday evening, Jan. 4, at 8:30.)

Andrés Segovia—Guitar. (Town Hall. Sunday evening, Jan. 4, at 8:40.)

Jacques De Menasce and Angel Reyes—A piano and violin concert sponsored by the League of Composers. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44th St. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362. Tuesday evening, Jan. 6, at 8:30.)

Arthur Ferrante and Louis Teicher—Duo pianists. (Town Hall. Wednesday evening, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

Sidney Foster—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday evening, Jan. 7, at 8:30.)

Victoria Anderson and Viola Morris—Contralto and soprano. (Town Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Jacques Abram—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday evening, Jan. 9, at 8:30.)

Claudio Arrau—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 10, at 2:30.)

Efrem Zimbalist—Violin. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, Jan. 10, at 5:30.)

Arnold Eidus—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. GR 3-1391. Saturday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:15.)

Monica Mais—Soprano. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:40.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday evening, Jan. 10, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-8490.)

Note—Jacques Thibaud will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St., BU 8-0700) on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 11, at 3. Tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 6, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning, and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concerts—Town Hall—James P. Johnson, Chippie Hill, Baby Dodds, and others; a benefit for the United Negro and Allied Veterans of America. (Thursday evening, Jan. 1, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Lee Wiley, Jess Stacy, and Max Kaminsky's band, presented by Eddie Condon. (Saturday afternoon, Jan. 3, at 5:30.) . . . ¶ Billy Butterfield, Herb Jeffries, Joe Bushkin, Cozy Cole, and others. (Saturday evening, Jan. 3, at 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Friday, Jan. 2: Jackie Cranford vs. Bernie Reynolds, heavyweights, 10 rounds. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 9: **Ollie Tandberg** vs. Joey Maxim, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10.)

College Basketball—Thursday, Jan. 1: L.I.U. vs. Southern California, and N.Y.U. vs. Colorado. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 3: St. John's vs. Rhode Island State, and Manhattan vs. Dartmouth. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 6: C.C.N.Y. vs. St. John's, and L.I.U. vs. Kansas State. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 8: N.Y.U. vs. Duke, and Manhattan vs. West Virginia. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10: C.C.N.Y. vs. Manhattan, and St. John's vs. St. Joseph's. (Madison Square Garden. Games begin at 8 P.M.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Jan. 4, at 8:30 P.M.)

Horse Show—The Ox Ridge Hunt Club Horse Show. (Darien, Conn. Saturday, Jan. 3.)

Indoor Polo—Saturday, Jan. 3: Squadron A Regulars vs. Squadron A Falcons (a match in the Metropolitan High-Goal Polo League Tournament), and another match, to be announced. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 10: Jockey Hollow vs. Squadron A Falcons (a tournament

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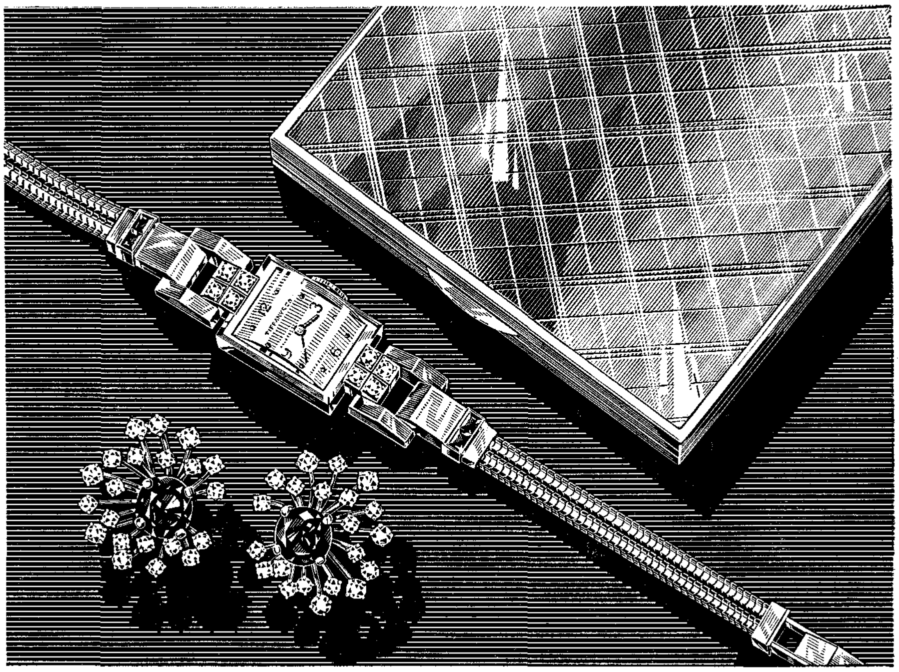

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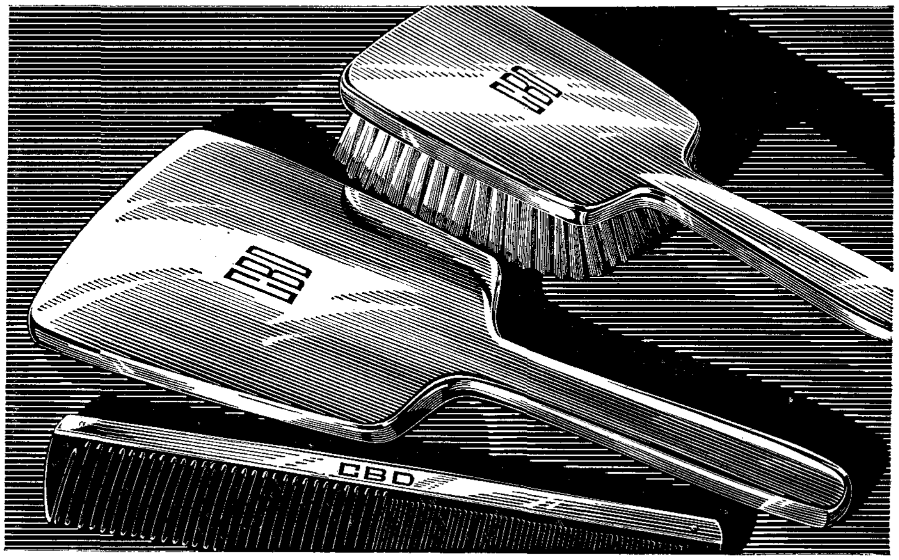

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match), and another match, to be announced. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30 P.M.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Atomic Energy Commission, and the Commission on Conventional Armaments. The Interim Committee of the General Assembly will open on Monday, Jan. 5. For tickets for any of these groups, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St.—The current show is "The Story of Christmas." Starting Friday, Jan. 2, there will be a new show, called "A Trip to Mars." (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays, Sundays, and New Year's Day at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A collection of illuminated manuscripts illustrating the story of Christmas. (Main Hall. Weekdays, including New Year's Day, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10 P.M.; through Tuesday, Jan. 6.)

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"From the Neck Up," an exhibition of hats, earrings, masks, nose plugs, and innumerable other furbelows of this kind that *man*—or, *more likely, woman*—has thought of. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays and New Year's Day, 1 to 5 P.M.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of Bibles in just about every form, language, and edition imaginable, including papyrus, Gutenberg, illuminated manuscript, and American Indian. (Weekdays, except New Year's Day, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Boxing memorabilia, including Paul Magriel's collection, and paintings and sculptures of boxers by George Bellows, Mahonri Young, and others. (Weekdays, including New Year's Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 5 P.M.; closed Mondays.)

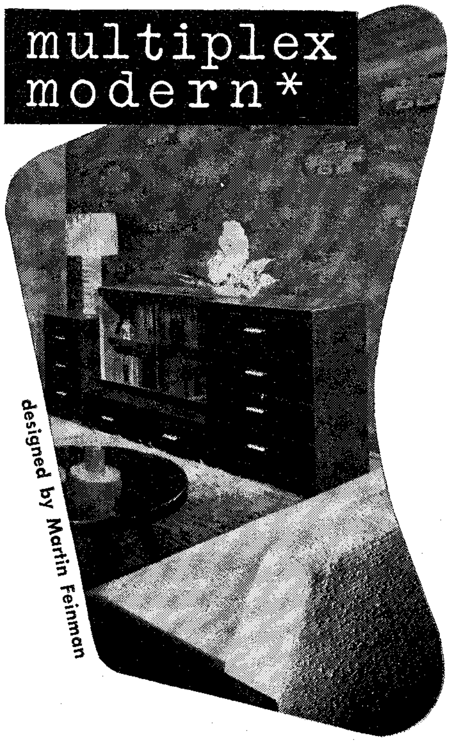
AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—First editions, sets, and incunabula, from the library of the late Harry M. Brower. (Exhibition, Friday and Saturday, Jan. 2-3, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 5-6, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Queen Anne and Georgian furniture, owned by Mrs. Ad Schulberg and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, Jan. 3, and Monday through Wednesday, Jan. 5-7, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 8-10, at 2 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ A résumé of the day's proceedings is broadcast Mondays through Fridays at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

MUSIC—Metropolitan Opera: "Tristan und Isolde," with Helen Traubel, Blanche Thebom and Lauritz Melchior, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Philharmonic-Symphony, Charles Münch conducting, Sunday, Jan. 4, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Tuesday, Jan. 6, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony, Valter Poole conducting, Sunday, Jan. 4, at 8 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ N.B.C. Symphony, Erich Kleiber conducting, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 5 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Kansas City Philharmonic, Efrem Kurtz conducting, Saturday, Jan. 3, at 3 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Maggie Teyte, soprano, Monday, Jan. 5, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

FOOTBALL—New Year's Day Games—Michigan vs. Southern California, in the Rose Bowl, at 4:45 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Penn State vs. Southern Methodist, in the Cotton Bowl, at 2:15 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ East-West All-Star game, at San Francisco, at 4:45 P.M., WOR. . . . ¶ Texas University vs. Alabama,



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in the Sugar Bowl, at 2:30 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Georgia Tech vs. Kansas, in the Orange Bowl, at 1:45 P.M., WCBS.

News Commentators—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ.... ¶ Raymond Swing, Sundays at 1:15 P.M., WJZ.

Television—"Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, Jan. 4, at 8 P.M., WNBT.... ¶ Boxing: Jackie Cranford vs. Bernie Reynolds, Friday, Jan. 2; preliminaries start at 8:40 P.M., WNBT.... ¶ Hockey: Rangers vs. Chicago, Sunday, Jan. 4, at 8:25 P.M., WCBS.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

College Basketball—The season continues at Madison Square Garden, with games scheduled about every third evening, except between Jan. 20 and Feb. 17.

Boxing—Tony Janiro vs. Lavern Roach. (Madison Square Garden, Jan. 16.)

Dog Show—The Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden, Feb. 11-12.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Jan. 11, 14, 18, and 21, and Feb. 1 and 15.

Indoor Polo—Every Saturday evening at Squadron A Armory; the Metropolitan High-Goal Polo League Tournament will continue through March 20.

Olympic Winter Games—At St. Moritz, Switzerland, Jan. 30-Feb. 8.

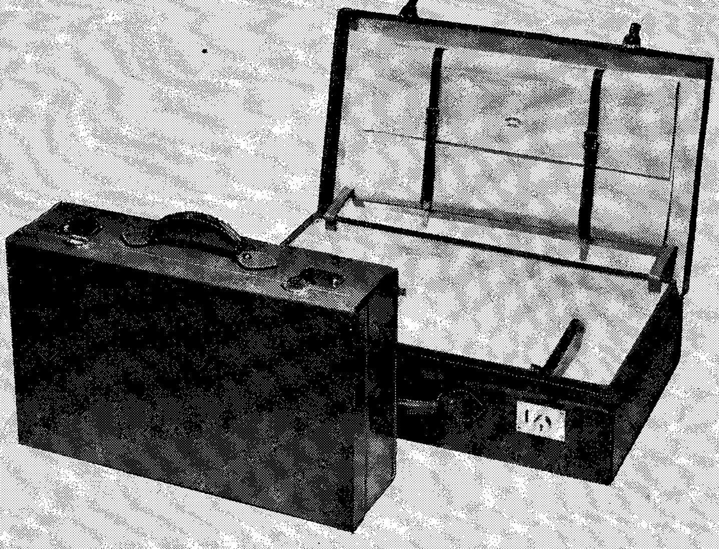
Skiing—Gibson Trophy Race, giant slalom. (North Conway, N.H., Feb. 1.) . . . Eastern Amateur Ski Association. (Mount Greylock Ski Club, North Adams, Mass., Feb. 7-8.)

Track—Madison Square Garden—Millrose Meet, Jan. 31; N.Y.A.C. Meet, Feb. 14.

Music—At CARNEGIE HALL: Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Jan. 15-25; Charles Münch conducting, Jan. 29-Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Jan. 14 and 17.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra: George Szell conducting, Jan. 20; Alexander Hilsberg conducting, Feb. 3.... ¶ Ellabelle Davis, soprano, Jan. 13.... ¶ Yehudi Menuhin, violin, Jan. 18.... ¶ Claudio Arrau, piano, Feb. 6.... ¶ Robert Casadesus, piano, Feb. 13.... ¶ Myra Hess, piano, Feb. 14.... TOWN HALL: Maggie Teyte, soprano, Jan. 15.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, Thomas K. Scherman conducting: with Joseph Szigeti, violin, Jan. 19; with the Westminster Choir, Feb. 2.... ¶ New Friends of Music: Budapest Quartet, Jan. 11 and 18; Collegiate Chorale, Jan. 25; Guilet Quartet, Feb. 1 and 8.... ¶ Robert Goldsand, piano, Jan. 24.... ¶ Richard Dyer-Bennet, folk singer, Jan. 31.... ¶ Wanda Landowska, harpsichord, Feb. 11.... ¶ Efrem Zimbalist, violin, Feb. 14.... HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL: Ezio Pinza, bass, Jan. 31.... ¶ Yehudi Menuhin, violin, Feb. 6.... ¶ Artur Schnabel, piano, Feb. 14.... METROPOLITAN OPERA: Season continues.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next month or so—"Make Mine Manhattan," a musical revue directed by Hassard Short, with a score by Richard Lewine and a cast that includes David Burns, Gloria Wills, and Sid Caesar.... ¶ "The Men We Marry," a play by Herschel Williams and Elisabeth Cobb. Shirley Booth, Neil Hamilton, and Marta Linden head the cast.... ¶ Joan Tetzel, John Archer, and Carl Benton Reid in "Strange Bedfellows," a play by Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements.... ¶ "The Survivors," by Irwin Shaw and Peter Viertel. Louis Calhern, Richard Basehart, and Hume Cronyn have the principal roles.... ¶ A new Betty Comden-Adolph Green musical comedy, "Bonanza Bound!" The cast is headed by Betty Lou Barto and George Coulouris.... ¶ Nancy Walker, with Alice Pearce and Harold Lang, in "Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!," a musical comedy, with a score and lyrics by Hugh Martin; produced by George Abbott.... ¶ Josephine Baker and Jo Bouillon in a revue called "Paris Sings Again."

Other Dates—Motor Boat Show, Grand Central Palace, Jan. 9-17.... ¶ Sonja Henie in her annual ice show, Madison Square Garden, Jan. 22-29, and Feb. 2-10.... ¶ The last quarterly income-tax payment of 1947 is due on Jan. 15.



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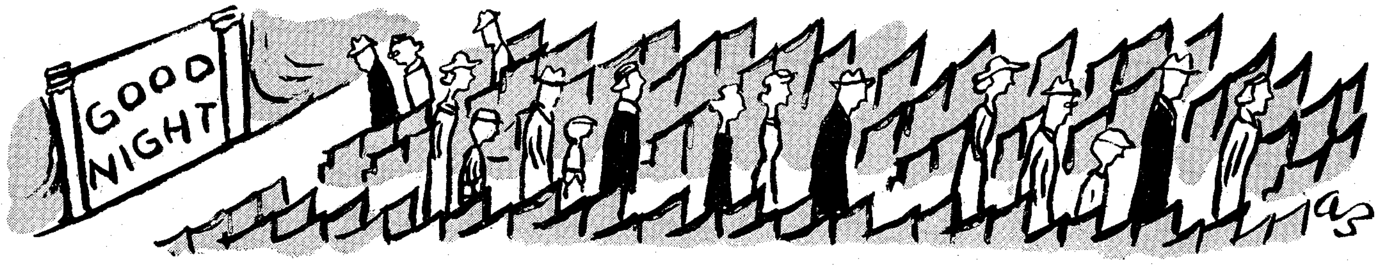

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

The Fugitive—Although the makings of this film are most auspicious (it was directed by John Ford, and Dudley Nichols adapted a novel by Graham Greene for the screen play) the results are most disappointing. The picture attempts, unsuccessfully, to draw profound religious inferences from the story of a harried priest in an anti-clerical Latin-American country. Henry Fonda is only depressing as the hero, and the rest of the cast are not much help, either. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, CI 6-7429.)

Gentleman's Agreement—An attempt to deal with the anti-Semitic problem that isn't much of an improvement on the novel. With John Garfield, Gregory Peck, and Dorothy McGuire. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9349.)

Great Expectations—The Dickens story of Pip, the blacksmith's apprentice who becomes a London dandy, translated to the screen with fidelity and charm by an English company. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 5.)

I Know Where I'm Going—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey in a British comedy about a lady with her eye on the main chance who succumbs to the blandishments of a kilted Scot. The plot may be antique, but it's handled with so much refreshing good humor that you probably won't care. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

Mourning Becomes Electra—A very literal screen translation of the lengthy O'Neill melodrama, which suffers somewhat from the reluctance of its producers to alter it to fit the cinematic medium. Rosalind Russell and Katina Paxinou, neither of them quite up to the standard set by Alla Nazimova and Alice Brady in the stage production, lead the cast. (Golden, 252 W. 45th, CI 6-6740. Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., and Sundays at 2, 5:15, and 8:30 P.M.)

Nicholas Nickleby—This Dickens novel, which ran to almost half a million words, makes for a stimulating hour and a half on the screen, owing to an ingenious adaptation and some all-around good acting. An English picture, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Derek Bond, Bernard Miles, and Alfred Drayton. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

The Secret Life of Walter Mitty—Danny Kaye romping through a confused version of the James Thurber story and often being pretty funny about it. (77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; and Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; starting Jan. 7.)

Shoe-Shine—The simply told tragedy of two Roman boys who get mixed up in the city's black market during the American occupation. In Italian. (Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th, BR 9-2659.)

To Live in Peace—An Italian film that, without any preaching, considers the brotherhood of man, as expressed by a peasant who befriends a pair of G.I.s, one of them colored, in an Italian village during the war. Humorous, compassionate, and altogether satisfactory. Aldo Fabrizi is magnificent as the peasant, and the rest of the cast are almost as good. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Volpone—A wonderfully funny French adaptation of the Ben Jonson farce about a miser. Harry Baur and Louis Jouvet demonstrate what a pair of good movie actors can do with a good theme when they have enough room to turn around in. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th, CI 7-0760.)

Welcome Stranger—A moderately amusing film that is very similar to "Going My Way," except that in this one Mr. Crosby and Mr. Fitzgerald are doctors instead of priests. With Joan Caulfield and Percy Kilbride. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Jan. 2.)

REVIVALS

The Black Swan (1942)—Pirates in Technicolor. Tyrone Power, Maureen O'Hara, and George Sanders. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Jan. 2.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; through Jan. 5.)

Club de Femmes (1937)—Life in a working girls' home. In French, with Danielle Darrieux. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, GR 5-9738.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Almost four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Jan. 2-5.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

It Happened at the Inn (1945)—Adventures of a bunch of crotchety French individualists who run a rural café. In French. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Jan. 2.)

La Maternelle (1935)—Children in Montmartre. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 6.)

Mayerling (1937)—Danielle Darrieux and Charles Boyer in this famous royal romance. In French. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Jan. 4.)

The Seventh Veil (1945)—Excellent music and a dash of psychiatry. An English film, with James Mason and Ann Todd. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Jan. 2.)

A Slight Case of Murder (1938)—Edward G. Robinson burlesquing the underworld. (Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; and Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; tentative, Jan. 5-6. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; Jan. 6.)

The Way Ahead (1945)—David Niven in a British film showing how young Englishmen were trained for war. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; Jan. 3-6. . . . ¶ Beacon, B'way at 74th, TR 4-9132; Jan. 4-6.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting old movies from its collection on the following schedule. Jan. 1, at 3, 5:30, and 8 P.M., Jan. 2-3, at 3 and 5:30 P.M., and Jan. 4, at 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.: Eight short films in color (1906-1944). . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 5 at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "When Tomorrow Comes" (1939), Irene Dunne, Charles Boyer. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
"The Bishop's Wife," Cary Grant, Loretta Young, David Niven.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"High Wall," Robert Taylor, Audrey Totter.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"The Senator Was Indiscreet," William Powell, Ella Raines, Peter Lind Hayes.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Body and Soul," Lilli Palmer, John Garfield.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
MOURNING BECOMES ELECTRA.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
"The Fabulous Texan," William Elliott, Catherine McLeod.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9349)
GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Good News," June Allyson, Peter Lawford.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (BR 9-4300)
"Tycoon," John Wayne, Laraine Day, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Judith Anderson.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"Where There's Life," Bob Hope, Signe Hasso.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"Panic" (in French), Viviane Romance.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Captain from Castile," Tyrone Power, Jean Peters.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6900)
"Daisy Kenyon," Joan Crawford, Dana Andrews, Henry Fonda.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
Through Jan. 6: "Wild Harvest," Alan Ladd, Dorothy Lamour, Lloyd Nolan; and "The Trouble with Women," Ray Milland, Teresa Wright, Brian Donlevy.
From Jan. 7: To be announced.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"My Wild Irish Rose," Dennis Morgan, Andrea King.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-7429)
THE FUGITIVE.

Warner, B'way at 51st. (CI 7-5545)
"The Voice of the Turtle," Eleanor Parker, Ronald Reagan, Eve Arden.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"The Exile," Maria Montez, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
VOLPONE.

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Shakuntala" (in Hindustani).

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (BR 9-2659)
SHOE-SHINE.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
"Beauty and the Beast" (in French), Jean Cocteau film.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
CLUB DE FEMMES, revival.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Hôtel du Nord" (in French), revival, Annabella, Louis Jouvet; and "The Nine Bachelors" (in French), revival, Sacha Guitry.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
HENRY V, revival.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
TO LIVE IN PEACE.

When does a man start slipping?

The moment comes to every man.

The moment when he realizes that he isn't the man he used to be . . .

That the days of his peak earning power are over . . .

That some day not so very far away some younger man will step into his shoes.

When does this time come?

It varies with many things.

But of one thing you can be sure. It will come to you as surely as green apples get ripe– and fall off the tree.

Is this something to worry about? Well, yes. But . . . constructively. For that kind of worrying can lead you to save money systematically.

What's the best way to do this? By buying U. S. Savings Bonds . . . *automatically*. Through the Payroll Savings Plan. Or through the Bond-A-Month Plan at your checking account bank.

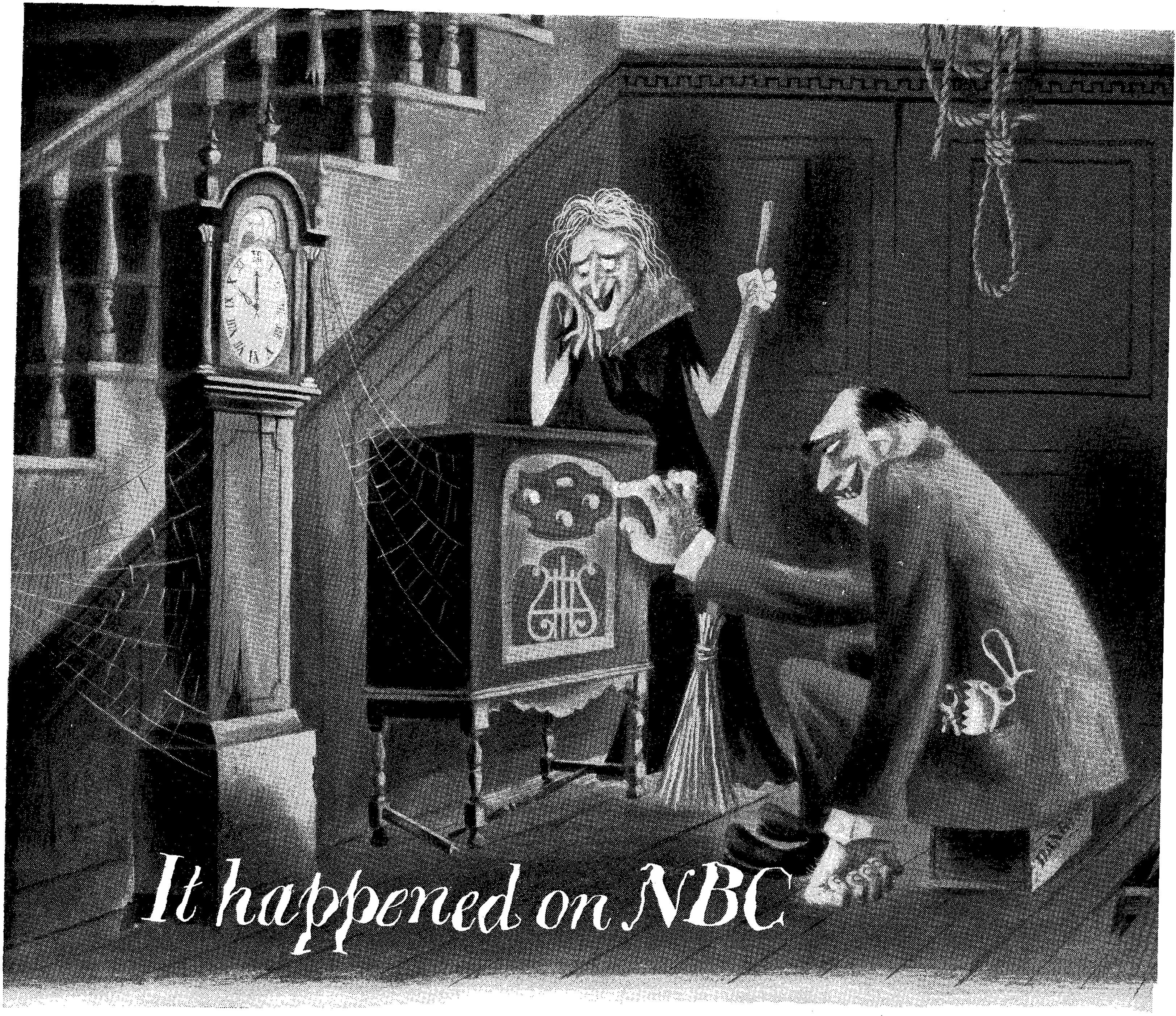
Either method is an almost foolproof system of saving. It's automatic. You don't put it off. There's no "I'll start saving next month"—no "Let's bust the piggy bank."

And you get back four dollars, at maturity, for every three invested.

So why not take this one step now that will make your future so much brighter?

Get on the Payroll Savings Plan—or the Bond-A-Month Plan—today.

Sure saving because it's automatic—U.S. Savings Bonds

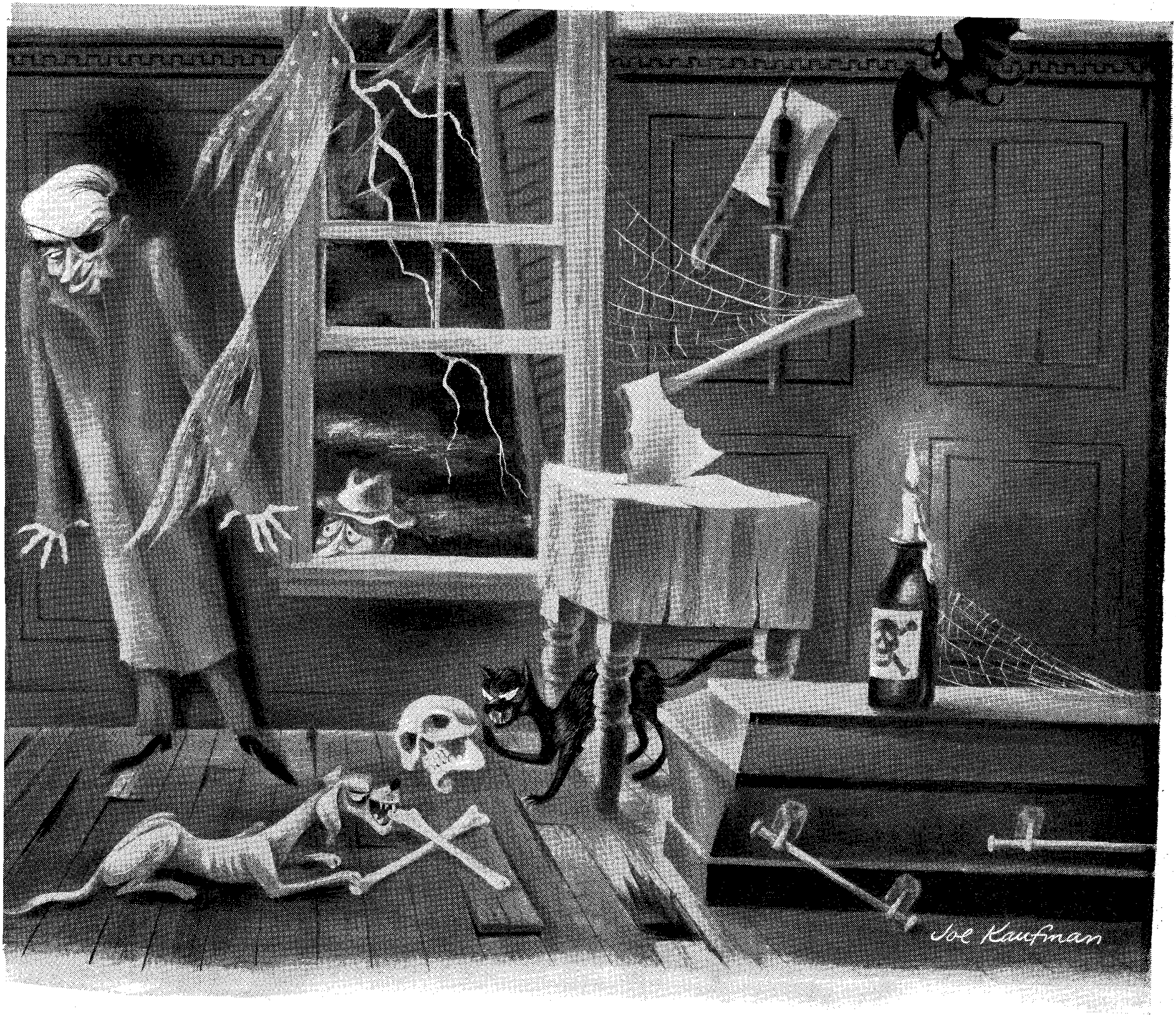


STORY OF A MYSTERY THEATRE ★ When the Mystery Theatre curtain first went up on NBC in September, 1943, it was on a radio version of Edgar Allan Poe's "The Tell-Tale Heart." It had been decided that the Mystery Theatre would feature classic midnight thrillers along with especially written chillers and adaptations of current short stories, novels and Broadway plays of the macabre.

There were endless archives of dark literature from which to choose. Conan Doyle, Mary Roberts Rinehart, S. S. Van Dine and countless other top-notch writers have been at work for years skillfully tangling skeins of intrigue into fascinating tales that have held readers' interests long past many a witching hour.

An expert in eeriness was needed to select material and guide the series. That pointed the bony and taloned finger straight at Geoffrey Barnes. Sherlock Holmes himself scarcely possessed more varied knowledge than Barnes who had been an experimental chemist, occultist, psychologist, opera singer, criminal investigator, author

AMERICA'S NO. 1 NETWORK

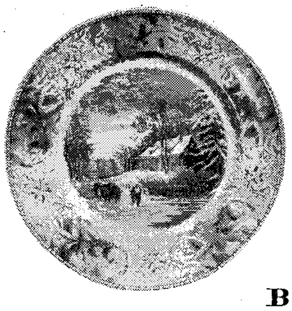


of a book on voice culture, poet and radio actor. Hidden away in his eyrie, somewhere at the stroke of midnight, Barnes finds time to select stories for the Mystery Theatre. On this Friday night program Barnes is portrayed in the role of host and narrator by Bernard Lenrow, outstanding young actor.

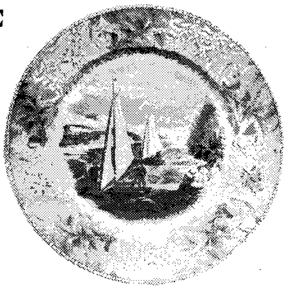
How to stage a mystery? Ransack the great literature of past and present for the most baffling chillers ever written. Dramatize them in the most outre fashion on the powerful facilities of the NBC Network—(at an hour when the children have been tucked into bed). Let them stalk the airways in the company of other great shows heard on NBC. Let the vast NBC audience shiver in pleasurable concert. Letter the curtain of the Mystery Theatre with the message of the sponsor, Sterling Drug, telling listeners how to shave—without horror. The result: Friday night becomes the eeriest night in the week on NBC with a show that holds the breath of America for thirty minutes while suspense and spine-tingling thrills drift hauntingly from loud-speakers from coast to coast.

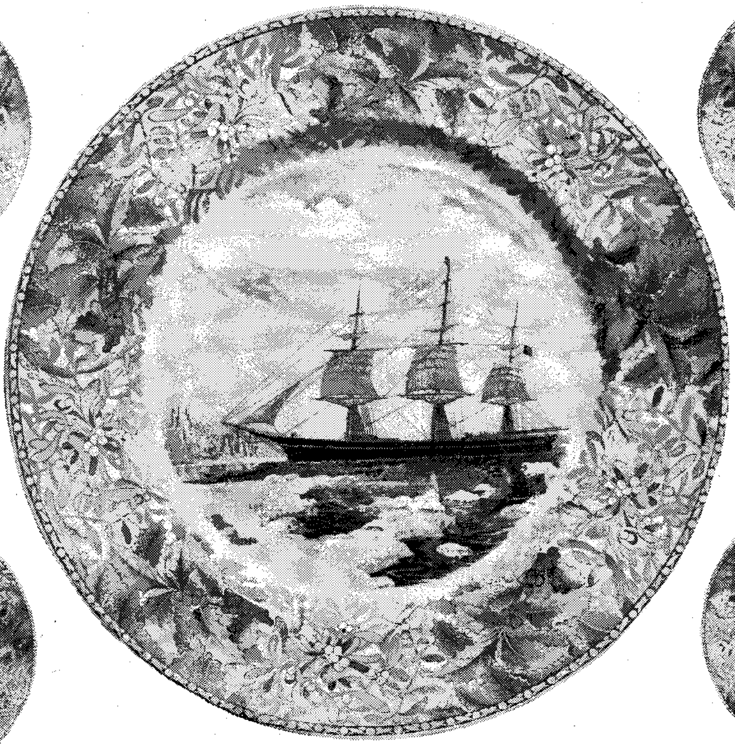
service of Radio
oration of America

. . . the National Broadcasting Company



B. ALTMAN & CO. **FIFTH AVENUE**
EAST ORANGE WHITE PLAINS
MANHASSET





Currier & Ives

FIRST EDITION SERVICE PLATES

Beautifully colored plates, with holly berry border, inspired by and reproduced from the most popular Currier & Ives winter scenes. Made in England exclusively for us . . . for you who value "collector's items" . . . for you who enjoy Sunday night suppers or informal buffets. Each set is registered in the name of the owner. In sets of twelve only, specially boxed, dozen 35.00.

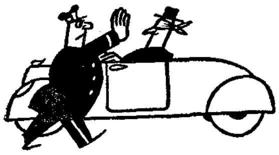
Altman china, fourth floor

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

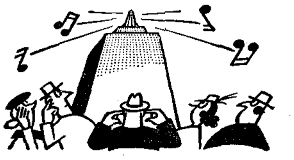
Notes and Comment

RECENT STRAWS IN A HIGH WIND: A manufacturer in South Africa announced that the natives' New Look consists of plastic bangles. A Florida restaurateur came out with the Trumanburger, a layer of mashed baked beans spread between the halves of a bun. A family in New Hampshire accidentally moved into the wrong house, down the street from the one they had bought, and set up housekeeping; a woman in Portland, Oregon, wrote the city commissioner that she had been attempting to sell her house for two years but no one who had tried to answer her ad had been able to find the street; and a veteran in Oregon who ordered a prefabricated house by mail received the wrong model, discovered when he got it up that his living room faced the back yard, and had to return it. The police chief of Syracuse refused to allow a magician to drive blindfolded from Auburn to Syracuse to attend a convention of New York State magicians. The croupiers in Nice went out on strike; so did the public executioner in Paris. An ad in the *Nation* announced an unspecified business proposition that would be of interest only to astrologers who hold an M.D. degree, are under fifty, and can speak French. A man in England converted a two-decker bus into a "tasteful modern apartment" and advertised it for sale.



The Gadget of the Month Club was formed in Los Angeles to distribute things like automatic toothpaste-tube squeezers to its members twelve times a year. Archeologists in Greece turned up an ancient building near Corinth that contained wine cups inscribed with a toast to "love, peace, safety, and a cure for hangovers." The French Communist newspaper *L'Humanité* started a campaign for legislation to stop the appearance of American comic strips in French newspapers, in order to protect French youth from "the corrupting influence of the American mental-intoxication trust," and the American Communist newspaper the *Daily Worker* protested attempts by the creator of "Reg'lar Fellers" to remove his strip from its pages. Residents of Berkshire County, Massachusetts, declared that beavers that had been building dams and flooding their land lay low while a bill permitting beaver shooting was pending in committee and then, as soon as it had been killed, went back to dam building. Someone stole nine waltzing mice and one of a pair of lovebirds from the Humane Society shelter in Milwaukee. The Harvard Student Employment Office registered a student prepared to give talks on mummies. A man in Pennsylvania said that his hobby is playing the radio for groundhogs, because he loves to see them sit up and listen. Falcons were put to work protecting R.A.F. airdromes from stray birds, which got in the way of the airplanes. A deer hunter in Minnesota got lost when he went into the woods with his wife's compact instead of his compass.

HAVING poured out millions of decibels of carols, the electronic carillon atop the Empire State Building will signal midnight on New Year's Eve by emitting twelve portentous bongs, go into "Auld Lang Syne," and wind up for the season. There was a time when "Auld Lang Syne" would have done well to carry from one glen to the next, or from one saloon to the next, but by combining the loudest musical instrument in the world, which this carillon is said to be, with the tallest building in the world, auld acquaintance will be brought to mind for sixteen miles around. The carillon is a sixty-one-note monster that was made by Schulmerich Electronics, Inc., of Sellersville, Pennsylvania, and temporarily placed in the Empire State Building by their promotion men to show what it can do when it really lets itself go. Six similar carillons have already been sold, two of them to a religious organization that has a temple in Ouray, Colorado, and either a New York representative or a high priest with unusually sensitive ears. A sixty-one-note carillon costs approximately ten thousand dollars, installed, and is unquestionably a bargain, for a set of old-fashioned cast bells of the same tonal range would cost about two hundred thousand dollars. Or that's the estimate. The Schulmerichs also turn out a nice little twenty-five-note carillon, which sells for twenty-five hundred dollars. They have put one in the Empire State, as an auxiliary to the big fellow, in order to produce certain chime effects. There are about a thousand of these smaller carillons in use throughout the country. R. E. Olds, the automobile man, gave one to the city of Lansing, Michigan, a while back; it plays "In My Merry Oldsmobile" every lunch hour, to the gratification of all right-thinking inhabitants.



This country has a monopoly on big carillons. The largest and most expensive set of bells in the world is in the Riverside Church, the gift of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who also gave the second-largest carillon in the world to the University of Chicago. Bells are being superseded by electronic carillons, not only because the latter are cheaper but because they take up less space and are far easier to play. The biggest bell in the Riverside set, and the one that has the deepest tone, weighs twenty tons. Its equivalent in the Empire State carillon is a little metal rod, which, together with the hammer that strikes it, weighs merely a pound. The Riverside bell can be heard only a few blocks. The little rod can be heard in Bayonne. The whole Schulmerich apparatus was taken up in the Empire State Building elevators without difficulty.

The consoles of both the main and the auxiliary carillon are in the lounge of the eighty-sixth-floor observatory. Each is somewhat smaller than an upright piano and has a keyboard exactly like a piano's. The keys close electrical circuits and cause magnetically operated hammers to strike rods of bell metal from one-eighth to three-eighths of an inch in diameter and from a foot to three feet long. Vibrations from the rods are picked up electrostatically—*you* know, electrostatically—and amplified, then broadcast through a dozen big horns, called stentors, affixed to the building at the ninetieth-floor level. Going full blast, the stentors turn out from a hundred and twenty to a hundred and twenty-four decibels at a distance of ten feet. This is close to what sound engineers call the threshold of pain—a hundred and thirty decibels—or the point at which human eardrums begin to tear apart. The Schulmerich people, whose slogan is "The Sweetest Music Ever Tolled," wouldn't dare cut loose with so much racket at a lower altitude, and even on the Empire State they had to be careful to direct the stentors at the horizon so that nobody nearby would be deafened. The result was that at first the sound was almost inaudible within a block or so of the building. The Schulmerich engineers installed four small extra horns, pointed downward. Curiously, one office on the forty-first floor of the Empire State was able to hear everything right from the beginning, presumably because the sound bounced straight back from Hoboken. With an old-fashioned set of bells, a carillonneur has to push claviers—wooden rods as large as broomsticks—with his hands and feet, and it's such a hot, strenuous business that most carillonneurs work in their underclothes. We understand that the carillonneurs who have been taking turns at the Empire State are getting a big kick out of playing fully dressed.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: A recent issue of the *Annals of Otology and Rhinology* contains an article provocatively entitled "Forty-five Cases of Peanuts Removed from the Lower Respiratory Passages."

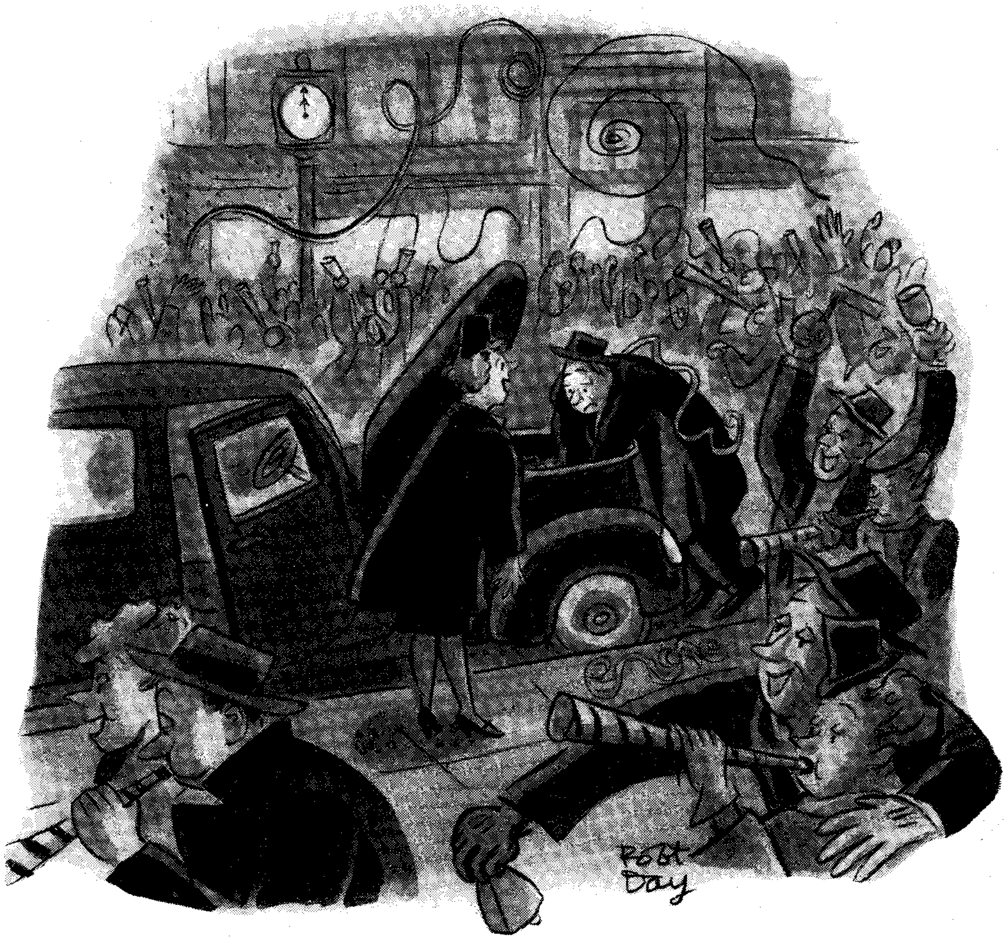
Attorneys entering the United States Supreme Court Building, in Washington, are reminded to stay on their good behavior by a sign just outside the doorway: "No Roller Skating."

In a corner of the menu of one of the numerous Original Joe restaurants on Third Avenue is a notice reading, "The Oldest Original Joe in Town."

A Mr. Henry V. King, of 89-04 148th Street, in Queens, is listed, strikingly, in the telephone directory as King Henry V.

Coördination

THE shooting of a movie sequence on the sidewalks of New York has been, until lately, an undertaking fraught with excitement, uncertainty, exasperation, despair, and bobby-soxers. Since August, Edward C. Maguire, as City Coördinator, Motion Picture Production Industry, has been striving toward a twofold goal—to entice Hollywood companies to settle in New York (which would make our municipal self-sufficiency complete), and to alleviate the headaches of those movie folk who assign camera crews to take pictures against local backgrounds. Mr. Maguire didn't know anything about moviemaking when he started in on the job, but he went through the works with a crew shooting twenty local scenes of a Ronald Colman picture and came out educated. He perceived quickly that there was much senseless friction between movie men and New York civil servants. Some producers could not readily understand why their activities shouldn't automatically take precedence over everybody else's, and some civil servants with authority to grant or withhold the permits required for any dislocation of our delicately balanced municipal routine took a bureaucrat's delight in making screen officials wait around a couple of hours for permission to, say, strangle an ingénue at the southeast corner of Broadway and Pine. Mr. Maguire also found that, of course, our city laws are way behind the times. One result of this is that moviemakers shooting an outdoor scene are classified by city officials as street fairs and have to get up to half a dozen permits, good for only one day, to conduct a street fair on public property; i.e., take pictures. In the pre-Maguire era, frantic movie men used to chase around from a Police De-



"*Well, if the horn* *had* *to get stuck, it couldn't have happened at a better time.*"

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partment borough commander's office to the Commissioner of Housing and Buildings to the Department of Water Supply, Gas, and Electricity, and so on, and not get their last permit until the first one had expired. Maguire, having served as a magistrate, as Deputy Commissioner of Transportation, and as director of the city's Division of Labor Relations, knows the ropes, and he demonstrated an ability to get movie men fixed up in relatively short order. It wasn't always simple. Once, for instance, a director wanted to shoot a scene in the Madison Square park. Maguire, who had already procured five permits the director needed to take a shot he had planned for just *outside* the Madison Square park, hotfooted it over to the Department of Parks and came back waving a document of authorization. By that time, the director had decided that the scene should be made on a pier, so off Maguire had to go to the Commissioner of Marine and Aviation. Since then, the Coordinator has managed to instill in movie men and city bureaucrats a more sympathetic attitude toward each other's requirements. Moreover, he has persuaded municipal agencies to issue permits that are good for not just one day but any one of three specified days (in case of bad weather) and that are also good "in the vicinity of" the requested location, giving a director some topographical leeway, and he has fixed it so that the proper precinct is notified by teletype when a scene is going to be shot, so the bobby-soxers can be stemmed.

As for luring producers here, Maguire's greatest accomplishment so far has been to extract from all labor unions concerned with the movies a promise not to engage in any jurisdictional strikes until the summer of 1952. He has, in addition, made several real-estate surveys, from which he has compiled data showing the ease with which a number of local places, including one riding academy, could be converted into picture studios. Further, he is promising a simplification of municipal laws and regulations that affect moviemaking. The Corporation Counsel has assigned a man to work with him on this. At the moment, half a dozen small companies are in full operation here, but Mr. Maguire hasn't made any perceptible headway with the big ones, possibly because he hasn't been able to muster any compelling arguments against California weather or the community-property law that gives residents of that favored state such a break on income taxes. Maguire is serving without pay, or for a dollar a year less than he gets as the city's Commissioner of Commerce, a job he took on, at Mayor O'Dwyer's request, in November. He makes ends meet by practicing law between his civil chores. He assures us that he has his own diverse activities satisfactorily coördinated, and this in spite of the whims of the movie moguls. Two of them summoned him not long ago to a confab they had vaguely indicated was to be on labor costs. As nearly as he could find out, what they really wanted was their studio's monogram on their 1948 license plates.

Shoptalk

ONE of our outriders happened to be having a cup of coffee at the Thirty-third Street Automat the other evening and to become privy to the conversation at a table behind him. "She came in three hours late," a gruff male voice said, "and I wish you could have seen her. She was filthy—covered with mud. Nobody ever saw her in such shape before." Our man glanced discreetly over his shoulder and was rather relieved to see that the table behind him was occupied by a couple of benign-looking old Pennsy Railroad conductors.

Our Own Baedeker

PAKISTAN, one of the two newest nations in the world, and one of the two most recent additions to the United Nations, is the largest Moslem nation in the world, the only nation divided into two sections by the territory of another country, and, with some eighty million inhabitants, the fifth nation in population, ranking just below the United States. When the committee that divided India failed to agree upon Pakistan's boundaries, the most important of them were drawn by one man, Sir Cyril Radcliffe, who thereupon left the country. The smaller section of the new nation, East Pakistan, lies in the northeast corner of the old Indian Empire. It is about the size of Iowa and is more thickly populated than West Pakistan, the major section, which is four times as big and interesting, and is a thousand miles away, in the northwest. Compared to the new Dominion of India, part of which lies in between, both sections of Pakistan are poor and picturesquely backward. The nation produces an exportable surplus of cereals and cotton, contains most of the sub-continent's deposits, largely unexploited, of oil, and has what amounts to a global monopoly on jute but no mills for spinning it. Industrialization is one of the aims of the government, which faces several other sizable problems; for instance, that of language. Only a small number of the people understand English, the current official speech; the nearest thing to a national tongue is Urdu, a variety of Hindustani. They have been getting along with ten or fifteen Indo-Iranian dialects, including Baluchi, Kafiri, Pushtu, and Sindhi. The Pakistani are mostly farmers, artisans, and minor tradesmen, and they are already missing the bankers, white-collar workers, and various other specialists who moved away during the recent population shifts. The last group included the Hindu untouchables, who did all the dirty work. The population exchange, completed the end of last year, was the largest in history, involving some eight million people.

East Pakistan consists of a part of Assam and most of Bengal. In 1897, Assam was the center of one of the world's greatest recorded earthquakes. It disturbed an area over half the size of the United States. Pakistanese Bengal includes the rich delta of the Ganges, where rice grows twenty feet tall and is harvested from boats. Rice is the staple foodstuff there; wheat is the staple in West Pakistan. When an East Pakistani is ill, he goes on a diet of wheat, and when a West Pakistani is ill, he eats rice. The Easterners are smaller, yellower, and flatter-nosed than the Westerners, and bear up moderately well under temperatures that reach 117° and a rainfall that in some places exceeds forty feet a year.

West Pakistan comprises Sind, part of the Punjab, the Northwest Frontier Province, and other old Kipling states. The numerous invasions through the mountain passes during the centuries have clearly left their mark on the populace, some of whom exhibit, for example, classic-Greek profiles, inherited from the army of Alexander the Great. West Pakistani proudly point out that the emperors who ruled much of India for seven centuries came from there. One of the most esteemed was Akbar, a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth, who invented a kind of Esperanto for use by his quarrelsome subjects and a religion to try to bring them all together, and finally married four wives of different faiths to show his tolerance. The city of Karachi, the capital of Pakistan, is in Sind, and part of the world's greatest irrigation system lies within its borders. Sind is also noteworthy for having been the subject of militarism's worst pun. "Peccavi—I have Sind," a nineteenth-century British conqueror reported to his superior. Karachi is the size of Rochester. It has streetcar tracks that end in the Sind Desert, and an up-and-coming advertising firm that promotes the leading cigarette with the slogan "A Virginia blend made by Pakistani, in Pakistan, for Pakistani." The irrigation system has changed vast wastes into one of the granaries of Asia. Some of its canals are the size of rivers. It waters 13,600,000 acres in Sind and the Punjab and was begun in the sixteenth century. Long, long before then, the Punjab had engineers. A civilization that flourished there in 2500 B.C. had houses with plumbing. The Northwest Frontier Province, bordering Afghanistan, has a mountain, Tirach Mir, half a mile higher than any in our hemisphere. That province is inhabited chiefly by Pathans—fierce Moslem tribesmen, related to the Turks, who wear trousers made of sixteen yards of white linen and handle a rifle like Deerslayer. They can put out a match with a bullet at a hundred feet. They pray for their sons to be good robbers and have worked out a novel deterrent to remarriage. A divorcée, who was paid for in cash as a bride, must be bought back by her father. Any subsequent suitor must purchase her from both her father and her former husband, a requirement that makes suitors think twice. Several states that have been and continue to be ruled by princes are included in Pakistan, among them Chitral, one of the places that claim to have originated polo. Another is Junagadh, which was once notable for a Hindu temple staffed by three hundred barbers, who shaved the heads of pilgrims, and is now the habitat of India's only remaining lions. They are of a rather pathetic, maneless variety and are terribly bullied by tigers.

Squeeze

TWO lady schoolteachers who have overcome the housing shortage by living together and fitting their possessions, including a quite imposing consolidated library, into a one-and-a-half-room apartment recently let a friend stay there while they were out of town for the weekend. A note of advice they left behind told their guest what to do about the newspapers and milk, and then concluded:

> Baked beans back of Bacon's "Essays Civil and Moral," second shelf from top, kitchen cabinet by window. Spiced peaches back of George Eliot, third shelf over stove. Sugar behind "American Statesmen, Third Series," by sink. Spices, top shelf, back of "Idylls of the King." Please do not pull books out by spines when preparing meals, as this damages bindings.

Educational

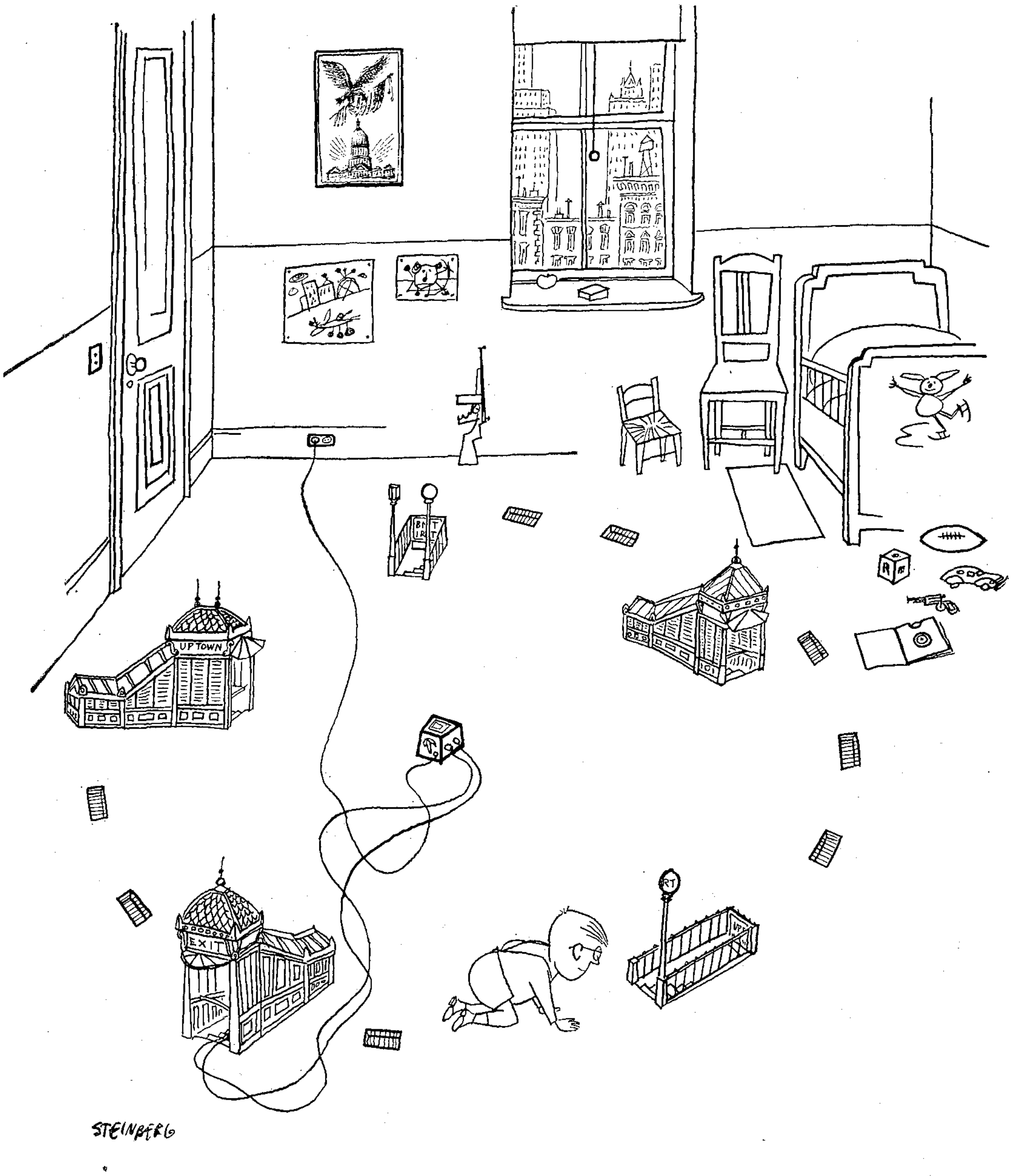
TO the best of our knowledge, the only comprehensive exhibit of the sources and uses of atomic energy on view locally is in the window of the Olympic Delicatessen, at 1129 Broadway, between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Streets. The display there includes samples of vanadium, pitchblende, and carnotite; photographs of atomic bombs bursting over New Mexico, Nagasaki, and Bikini, and of the damage done at Hiroshima; a map of the world showing each nation's known resources of fissionable materials and telling what each nation is presumably doing with them; and various signs driving home the significance of the display. When we visited the exhibit, Maurice Paul, proprietor of the Olympic, assured us that it is a wholly educational enterprise, untainted by commercialism. "You won't find any atomic hot dogs here," he told us. "Fact is, we don't serve hot dogs at all any more. We used to grill them right in the window, but we gave it up, because of the danger of setting the exhibit on fire. Some people complained, but most of my customers prefer pastrami anyhow."

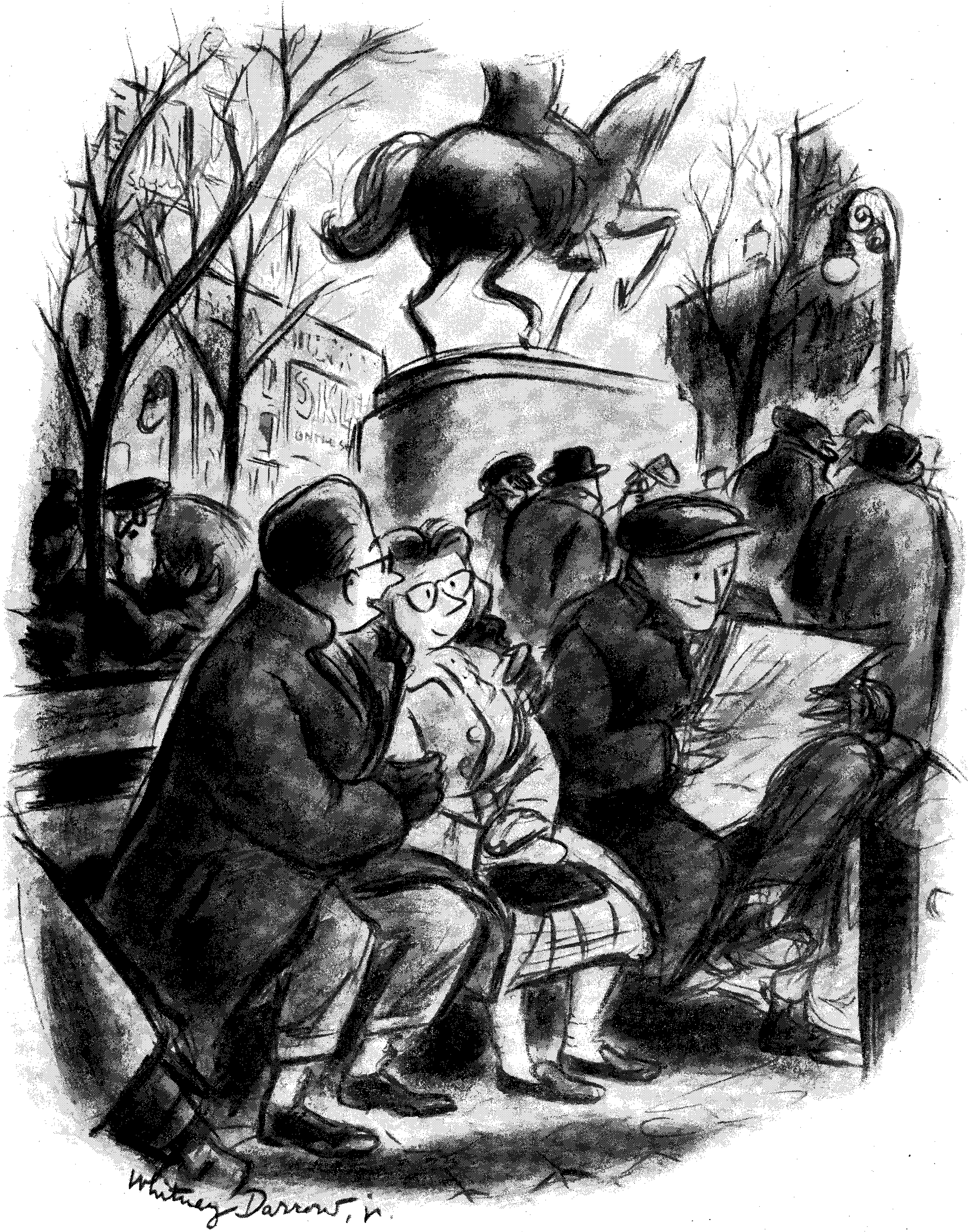
The exhibit grew out of Paul's efforts to increase a collection of minerals he had started for his son, who is three. He thought he ought to have something fissionable. In a bulletin put out by the Museum of Natural History, Paul found the name of an adult collector of minerals in Colorado, to whom he wrote asking if he had any uranium he'd care to part with. The collector wrote back that he didn't have any pure uranium on hand but was sending a batch of carnotite, an important source of uranium, with his compliments. On hearing this, the employees at the delicatessen threatened to quit, fearing that the presence of carnotite would cause their fingernails to drop off, but when the shipment arrived and they saw that it consisted of just a mess of innocent-looking yellow crushed rock, they were reassured. Paul gave a few pieces to his son, labelled a couple of lumps and put them in the window, and stowed the rest in the basement.

Shortly afterward, Paul sent a twenty-five-dollar contribution in his son's name to the Emergency Committee of Atomic Scientists, at Princeton. He received a letter of acknowledgment signed by Einstein, who is chairman of the committee, and hung it in the window just above the carnotite. This and the carnotite caused so much comment that Paul decided to toss out a picture of Miss Rheingold 1947 and some other beer posters and make a real exhibit. The most valuable object on display is the sample of pitchblende, which is insured for five hundred dollars and is on loan from the Colorado collector. Among the signs that Paul made is one that reads, characteristically, "If 1/1000th part of the atomic energy latent in this piece of ore were exploded, it would blast the entire United States wartime fleet (9,000,000 tons) two miles into the sky." Another, a sort of caption on the map of the world, says, "WE'RE NOT IN THIS ALONE." Patrons of the Olympic got to asking so many questions about atomic energy that Paul wrote the Einstein committee for a thousand copies of its pamphlet "Only Then Shall We Find Courage," by Einstein. This was such a large order that Miss Mary Ray, secretary of the committee, came up from Princeton to case the Olympic. She dined with Paul and his wife and agreed to send the leaflets. They arrived and were handed out in less than a week, and Paul wrote for two thousand more. He distributed these in two weeks, and Miss Ray invited him and his wife to Princeton to visit the committee. They were shown Einstein's office and were pleased to see that he was using as a paperweight a two-pound chunk of carnotite that Paul had withdrawn from the basement and sent him. Paul mingled widely with what he calls "the Princeton crowd," and came across a copy of a booklet, published by Westinghouse, entitled "The World Within the Atom." He got Westinghouse to ship him five thousand copies of this, and a thousand of these are now in the hands of Olympic customers. "Sometimes people come in here, cynics or something," Paul said, "and ask me what the hell atomic energy has to do with running a delicatessen, and I say, 'Listen, there won't even *be* any delicatessens if somebody starts dropping those bombs.' It sets them thinking, and usually they wind up asking for a pamphlet."

Advantage

A GENTLEMAN back from a business trip to Australia reports that while in Sydney he got into conversation with a taxi-driver who, on realizing that his fare was an American, said that he hoped someday to settle in the United States himself. "I'd probably have a better chance of making a go of it than most Aussies," the cabby said. "I've been able to talk just like a Yank ever since I broke my nose."




Whitney Darrow, jr.

"Mildred, promise you won't go underground without me."

MARTYR IN THE BRONX

MA GROSS stood in front of a wall mirror in the dining room of her apartment and stared fixedly at her reflection. Observing her bleary eyes, her reddened nose, and her puffy lips, she sniffed loudly. "*Oi!*" she said. "I look like I'm ready fa the next woild, God fabbid!" She waited for her husband to refute this statement, but Pa Gross, stretched out in his favorite chair, was lost in an evening newspaper. Mrs. Gross shrugged and once more became preoccupied with her appearance. She opened her mouth and leaned forward to give her throat a close inspection. What she saw displeased her profoundly and she gave vent to her feelings in a series of tongue cluckings.

Pa Gross, aware, suddenly, of his wife's attempt to capture his interest, lowered his paper, sat up straight, and gave his full attention to her. "Look, look how she's looking in looking-gless," he chanted. "Tell me, Mrs. Beaudy-Polleh, you like what you seeing?"

Ma turned slowly around and glared at Pa. "Dijja ever?" she said. "A persin got, you should excuse me, a cult in nuzz, and he sits in chair and he's laughing like is here in house a regelleh Cholly Cheplin pickcheh. A hott the man got, I tell you is from the same material like an icebox. Positiffly! Maybe when I'm slipping in cemetery, God fabbid, then maybe you'll stop laughing. But will be too late." She raised her voice. "Too late, you hear me?"

"A kvestion!" said Pa. "She's yelling on me like is gebusted by me the ears, and she's esking yet if I hear you. Uf cuss I hear you." He returned to his paper.

Ma was about to say something further when the door from the kitchen was flung open and Bella appeared. "Gee whizz, you two," she said, removing a frilled apron and tossing it on a chair. "The war may be over as far as the world is concerned, but when it comes to the occupants of this here apartment, oh, boy!"

"Miss Slop! Look how she's thrung donn the apron!" roared her mother as she picked up the apron and began folding it neatly. "What is here, a stable from picks, you can't put away the—" The remainder of the sentence exploded in a violent sneeze.

"*Gesundheit*," said Bella.

"Thenk you," wheezed Mrs. Gross.

There was a moment's silence, and then both women turned toward Pa, waiting for him to acknowledge the sneeze. The old man, however, kept on reading, completely unaware that he was the center of attention.

"Gee whizz, Pa!" said Bella at last. "There must be something wrong with you. The way you behave, honestly, a person could think I dunno what!"

"Ha?" He glanced up over his paper. "I said something?"

"The trouble is you said nothing. And Ma just now sneezed."

"Oh, excuse me," he said. "I wasn't listening. So *gesundheit*."

Mrs. Gross folded her arms, lifted her chin, and turned her head so that she wasn't looking at Pa. "Is too late," she said curtly.

"I don't blame you the lease little bit," said Bella. "My goodness, a person could sneeze their very heads off aroun here before they get a single *gesundheit* outa him!"

"O.K., so kill me! Fa'vensakes, is not mine fault!" roared the old man. "Next time you gung to snizz, snizz so a persin should hear you!"

"Dijja ever?" Mrs. Gross now turned the full force of her scorn upon her husband. "Is alluva sunn a boss from snizzes here in house! Listen, Mr. Nuzz-in-Paper, next time I'll snizz *how* I like, *when* I like, and *if* I like. You hear me?"

Realizing full well the futility of any further discussion, Pa shrugged and sighed. "Is here America in this country," he murmured. "Fa mine pott, go snizz any style you like."

This riposte served only to inflame Ma Gross. "Uf cuss!" she shouted. "Fa your pott, I can bust in liddle pieces, God fabbid, so long is here a noosepaper to stick in by you the nuzz, mine Mr. Liberry!" Then, suddenly, she drooped, and shuffled over to a chair and sat down. "*Oi!*" she wailed. "Mine cult it killing me away. I betcha is by me the grippe—udder maybe is nomoney. What I'm tukking from nomoney? Must be *double* nomoney." Turning to Bella, she pointed to a box on top of the sideboard. "Please, dolling, go bring me a piece Kleeneck."

Bella got a tissue from the box and brought it to her mother. "Here, Mom. And fa your privitt information, this here objeck is called a piece Kleenex, not Kleeneck."

"Miss School-Titcheh, I know awready! But I only want *one* piece." Ma blew her nose, then shook her head. "*Oi*, the way I'm filling, believe me, I'm not even wishing on the lendludd—he should only bust!"

PA GROSS dropped his newspaper and regarded his wife solemnly. He knew that her shrill complaints were, as a rule, merely part of a conversational pattern, but, watching her now, he heard, as for the first time, her repeated sniffles, her stertorous breathing, her wheezing gasps. He got to his feet and walked over toward Ma.

"Listen, Esther, *zug mirr dem emess*. You sick udder not?" he asked softly.

"A kvestion!" Ma, a figure of outraged suffering, sat upright in her chair and fixed him with a cold and disdainful glance. "What'sa metta, you not serrisfied how I'm looking, I must be a husspitil case yet?"

"O.K., O.K., awready." He placed his hand upon his wife's forehead.

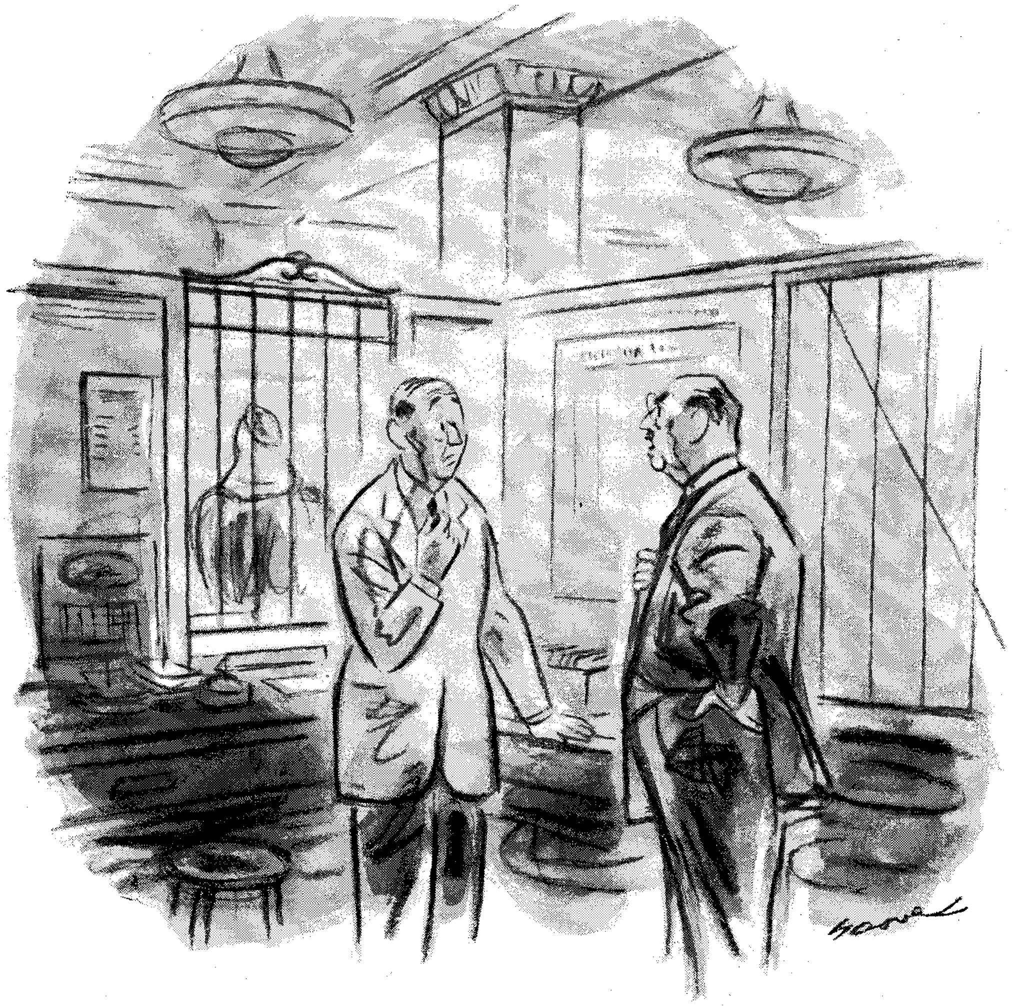
Ma pulled away from him. "Mine head he's filling!" she cried. "What am I, a piece stale roll? You want to fill, fill in grussry sturr!"

"Gee whizz, don't be so fussy, Ma," Bella said. "He's oney trying to find out if perhaps you developed something along the lines of a little fever or something. Correck, Pa?"

"Uf cuss!" Pa gave his wife a broad smile. "Make believe I'm here in house a docteh mit a bleck setchel. Me," he continued, spreading his hands over his chest, "I'm chonging you notting. Is positiffly free, mine visit."

"*Nu*, Mr. Prefesseh," said his unwilling patient in a manner that clearly indicated her skepticism of the project, "so go 'head. So fill awready."

Thus encouraged, Pa Gross clamped his palm to her brow and, teetering slightly on his heels, stared speculative-



"I wish you could get rid of that worried look, Burris. We felt compelled to have the auditors in twice last month on your account."

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ly at her and grunted once or twice.

"Well," said Bella presently, "so what's the conclusion? Tell awready."

"Could be is a fivver," Pa said, "or could be is just a plain cult. Listen, I know?" he shouted. "What am I, a specialist mit a husspitil diplomeh?" Then, in a calmer voice, he said, "Mine edwice is better I should call op a docteh from the neighbud—maybe Docteh Nussbaum—he should come here fa three dolless a visit."

"Dope! *Schlemiehl!*" screamed Mrs. Gross. "Where do I come to a baby docteh? I'm maybe a liddle kiddie, three-furr yirrs old, *kennehorah*? I *shenk* you Docteh Nussbaum, togeddeh mit his faucets!"

"Forceps, Ma," Bella said. "And, furthermore, Dr. Nussbaum happens to be a first-class medical man who handles all types patients, irregardless their age, be they tiny little infants or even grownups. You oughta do like Pa says, and have him come over here before you develop something serious like God oney knows what, God fabbid!"

Mrs. Gross sighed and shook her head. "I know awready what he's gung to say, the Docteh," she said. " 'Mrs. Gross,' he's gung to say, 'you must drink a hot gless tea togeddeh mit a piece lemon. Then you must take one, maybe two pieces essprints, you hear? Then you must go right away quick to bet, you should svett like a huss, and then, one-two-three, guzz quick away from you the cult.' *Nu*, fa this I need Docteh Nussbaum yet? What'sa metta, is maybe grung donnstairs in yott a tree mit money?"

"Then, fa heaven's sakes, Ma," snapped Bella, "if you know awready what to do, why don'tcha do it, insteada sitting there like Little Boy Blue and constantly blowing your horn—if you'll podden the expression?"

" 'Why?' she's esking!" chanted Mrs. Gross as she glowered at her daughter. "So who is gung to dry the dishes, is a whole bunch dishes sitting in zink? Who is gung to sung on the buttons on Papa's shoits, is all the time falling donn the buttons? Who is gung to wash and clinn and svipp op the house, it shouldn't be a regelleh stable from picks? You know who?" Pa cleared his throat in preparation for a reply, but his wife gave him no chance. "Me!" she barked. "Certainly! Uf cuss! Anudder persin, they got it a cult, is the dutter taking care on them. Anudder persin, they got maybe a few drops fivver, so is the mister saying to the wibe, 'Listen, you sick, maybe you need a liddle vacation. Maybe you should go to Lakewood fa two wikks, you should enjoying a liddle the sickness.' But mit me, I can bust in pieces, God fabbid, is nobody worrying from me. And why? Because I'm here in house a soiving goil, that's why! And mitout waitches yet!"

"Fa heaven's sakes, Ma, how can you say such a thing?" Bella said. "Besides, it's your very own fault. Next time you don't feel well, you should give a person some warning regarding your condition, and you'll be supprised to see hommuch we care."

Pa Gross stood hovering over his wife, noisily scraping his chin with his fingernails. He was deeply moved by her catalogue of grievances and he spoke now gently and solicitously. "Listen, you shouldn't worry from mine shoits. You hear, Esther? Was empty the buttonholes fa so many wikks, *nu*, can be empty a few wikks more."

"And fa your information," Bella said, taking her mother's arm and lifting her up from the chair, "I'm gonna do the dishes this very minute while Pa prepares you some delicious hot tea. In the meantime, I want you should sit down in the comfy chair and relax yesself by taking it nice and easy."

MRS. GROSS sat in her husband's favorite chair, her head on a pillow, her legs outstretched on an ottoman, and in her hands she held the evening newspaper. Scanning the headlines, she could hear the sounds of clattering dishes mingling with the heavy scraping noise of Pa's shoes as he walked about the kitchen. She expelled a long-drawn groan, a groan that differed in volume from the cyclonic blasts she had previously uttered, a groan that hinted of personal and stoical suffering—a groan that, somehow, expired on a note of purring pleasure.—ARTHUR KOBER

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Once Lord Mottistone flew in a top hat to the House of Commons, passing beneath Tower Bridge on his way, instead of flying over it.—*The Times.*

Probably out of control.

PORTRAIT OF MY UNCLE

AMONG my ancestors were Nabok, a medieval Russified Tartar prince, of whom I learned from a genealogically inclined cousin; a long line of German barons; an obscure Crusader ("after whom the island of Corfu was named," said my informant with a little cough); the eighteenth-century composer Graun; boyars, landowners, soldiers; a bearded, fabulously rich Siberian merchant; one of the lesser Decembrists, a participant in the abortive *coup d'état* of December, 1825; the commander of the fortress where Dostoevski was imprisoned before his trial (some amusing letters concerning this event passed between my ancestor, the good general, and Czar Nicholas I); the first president of the Russian Imperial Academy of Medicine, who was my mother's grandfather; a State Minister of Justice, who was my father's father; and a famous Russian liberal, my father.

Two of my uncles were in the diplomatic service. One, a brother of my father's, is portrayed, goatee and all (together with Count Witte, the two Japanese delegates, and a benevolent Theodore Roosevelt), in a mural of the signing of the Portsmouth Treaty that decorates the main entrance hall of the American Museum of Natural History—an eminently fit place, I always think, for me, a museum worker, to find my name in golden Slavic characters. The other diplomat uncle, my mother's brother, was not present at any treaty signing, but, believing that it is his turn to have his portrait drawn, I shall do my best for him, even though it cannot be on a museum wall.

MY uncle's French and Italian friends, being unable to pronounce his long Russian surname, boiled it down to Ruka (with the accent on the last syllable). It suited him far better than did his Christian name, Basil, and the family adopted it. Uncle Ruka appeared to me in my childhood to belong to a world of toys, bright picture books, and cherry trees laden with glossy black fruit. He had a magnificent cherry orchard on his country estate, which was separated from ours by a winding river, the Oredezh. During the summer, almost every day at lunchtime his carriage could be seen crossing the bridge and speeding toward our house along a road bordered on one side by a hedge of young firs. When I was eight or nine, he would invariably take me upon his knee after lunch and, while the servants were clearing the table in the empty dining room, fondle me with crooning sounds and quaint endearments. Then he would let me inspect the hole behind his ear where he had been operated upon. He was not always so tender. I recall that once when I went to meet him at the station (I must have been eleven or twelve then) and watched him descend from the long sleeping car that bore the fascinating inscription "Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits et des Grands Express Européens," he looked at me and then looked away and said, "How sallow and ugly [*jaune et laid*] you have become, my poor boy!" But in spite of this, I still remained his favorite. On my fifteenth birthday, he took me aside and in his brusque, precise, and somewhat old-fashioned French informed me that he was making me his heir. He added, however, that he would have his house burned to the ground if the Germans ever reached the district. (The first World War was just starting.) "And now you may go," he added. "*L'audience est finie. Je n'ai plus rien à vous dire.*"

I remember him as a slender, neat little man with a dusky complexion, gray-green eyes flecked with rust, a dark, bushy mustache, and a mobile Adam's apple above the opal snake ring that held the knot of his tie. He also wore opals on his fingers and in his cuff links. A gold chainlet encircled his frail, hairy wrist. There was usually a carnation in the buttonhole of his dove-gray or mouse-gray or silver-gray summer suit. It was only in summer that I used to see him, and thus, through the jewel of time, I see him now, sitting on a stone step in a glow of mellow sunlight, his hands folded on the knob of his cane, his straw hat tilted back from his dark-freckled forehead.

In the autumn, he would go abroad—to Paris, to Biarritz, to New York, to his château near Pau, to his villa near Rome, or to Egypt, from which he would send me picture postcards of dark Pharaohs sitting with their hands on their knees against a sunset sky. The pictures were always crossed by messages written in his thick, jagged, untidy

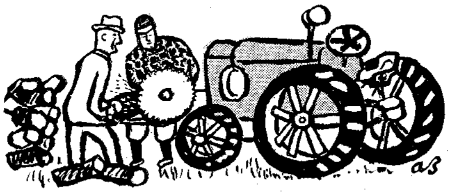
Garrett Price

scrawl that was so little in keeping with his manners. Then, in June again, when the *cheriomukha* was in foamy bloom, and great black butterflies banded with white wheeled low above the road and settled on the mud, his private flag would be hoisted on the beautiful house that stood on a hill across the river. He always travelled with half a dozen enormous trunks, and each time he came home he would bribe the Nord-Express to make a special stop to deposit him and his luggage at our little country station. On his arrival one spring, he told me that he had a marvellous present for me, and then, on his small, mincing feet in high-heeled white shoes, he led me in mysterious silence to the nearest tree and delicately plucked and proffered me a leaf, saying, "*Pour mon neveu, la chose la plus belle au monde—une feuille verte.*"

Once, he brought me from New York a book about Foxy Grandpa and Buster Brown, a now almost forgotten boy who, in my version of the comic series, wore a pink suit. If you looked closely, you could see that the pink was really a mass of dense red spots. Every episode ended in a tremendous spanking for Buster, which was administered by his wasp-waisted but powerful Ma, who used a slipper, a hairbrush, a brittle umbrella, anything—even the bludgeon of a helpful policeman—and drew puffs of dust from the seat of his pants. As I had never experienced corporal punishment in any form whatsoever, those pictures conveyed to me the impression of strange, exotic tortures, no different from, say, the burying of a trussed live criminal up to his chin in torrid desert sand.

UNCLE RUKA seems to have led an idle and oddly chaotic life. His diplomatic career was of the vaguest kind. (He prided himself, however, on being an expert in decoding ciphered messages in any of the five languages he knew.) Red-coated, he rode to hounds in England or Italy; fur-coated, he attempted to motor from St. Petersburg to Pau; wearing pumps and an opera cloak, he almost lost his life in an airplane crash on a beach near Bayonne. In his quieter hours, he wrote music of the melodious, rippling sort and French verse (with a princely disregard for the comforts of the mute "e"s). He was also remarkably good at poker, then a fashionable card game.

Because he suffered from a nervous stutter and had difficulty in pronouncing labials, Uncle Ruka changed his Russian coachman's name from Peter to Sergei. His usual speech, in spite of the stutter, was a fastidious combination of French, English, and Italian, all of which he spoke with vastly more ease than he did his native tongue. When he resorted to Russian, it was invariably to misuse or garble some extremely idiomatic or even folksy expression that he had picked up from a servant, as when he would say at the table with a sudden sigh, for there was always something amiss with him—a spell of hay fever, the death of a peacock, a lost borzoi—"*Je suis triste et seul comme une bylinka v pole* [as lonesome as a grass blade in the field]." My uncle tried to sound as if he were quoting an old saying, and perhaps he believed he was, in spite of the fact that this particular old saying was nonexistent.



During all the years I remember him, Uncle Ruka insisted that he had an incurable heart ailment and that when the seizures came, he could obtain relief only by lying supine on the floor. None of the family took him seriously, and after he died of angina pectoris, all alone in Paris during the first World War, it was with a quite special pang

NEW YEAR'S EVE

Snow came with dusk, building itself on windows.
The bare world turned from fallow into white
Around the stoneshine of the ice-rimmed river,
Then closed on separate street-light scenes toward night.

One by one, the doorbell summoned in
Our friends in colored scarves and overshoes.
Mary went coy about the mistletoe.
Frank Oliver began with "Where's the booze?"

At seven o'clock, in topical excitement,
The radio brought London's midnight noise
On Big Ben's chime. Then for five homeless hours
The New Year drifted west beyond the buoys

From channels to no channel. Away from light,
It met the sailors at nostalgia's rails,
Said nothing whatever to the lipping waves,
Confirmed the Naval Observatory dials,

And touched land like two glasses clinked in air
Where all our drunken friends around the clock
Posed for their ritual selves, radio-timed
In seven seconds to be tick and tock

With holiday, like laurel, in their hair,
And twelve long chimes down from the white church steeple,
Margie ogling Herb, Francesca giggling,
Jane drawling, "You do know the damnedest people."

Drink by drink, the radio followed on:
Chicago's noise at one, Denver's at two.
While morning dropped like tabloids on the curb,
Steel guitars played "Auld Lang Syne" on Oahu,

And time to gather in the Christmas lights
And tinsel from the tree, and burn the boughs
With one last cigarette and the relief
Of being ourselves again in an empty house

With ashtrays spilling, glasses on the floor,
Crumbs on the carpet, rubbers left behind,
The year still turning on Pacific palms,
And one more number changed inside the mind.

—JOHN CIARDI

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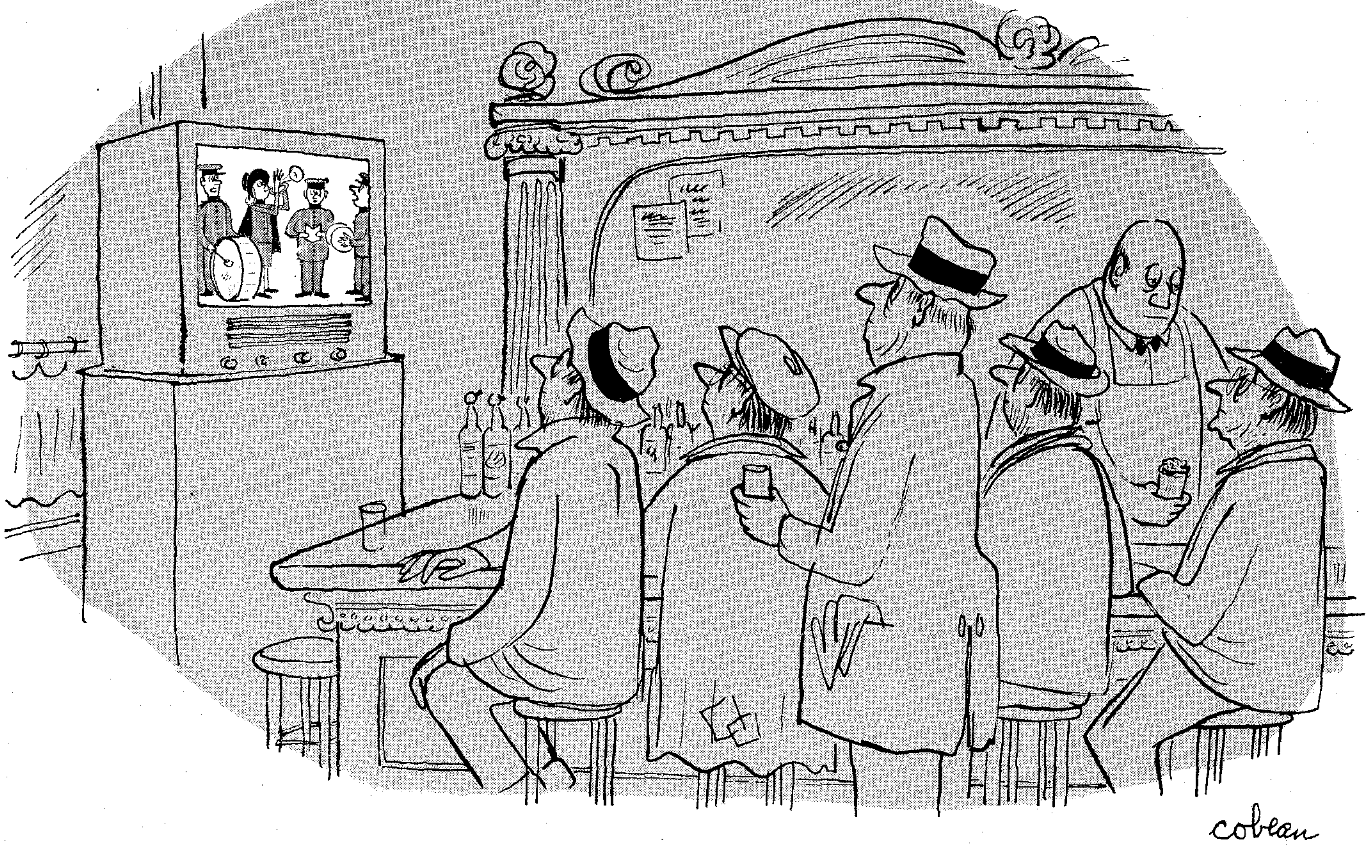


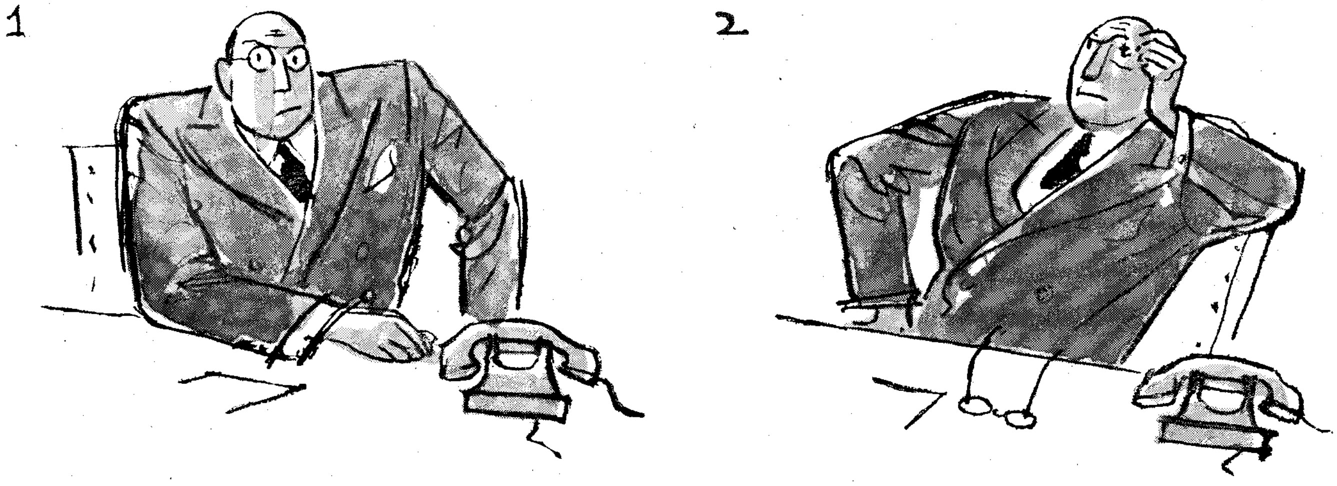
that we recalled those after-dinner incidents in the drawing room—the unsuspecting footman entering with the Turkish coffee, my father glancing with disapproval at his brother-in-law spread-eagled in the footman's path, then, with quizzical resignation, at my mother, and finally, with amusement, at the queer vibration going on among the coffee things on the tray in the seemingly composed servant's cotton-gloved hands.

From other, stranger torments that beset Uncle Ruka in the course of his short life, he sought relief—if I understand these matters rightly—in religion, first in certain Russian sectarian outlets and finally in the Roman Catholic Church. His was the kind of colorful neurosis that should have been accompanied by genius but in his case was not. Hence his restlessness and his search for something as fleeting as a travelling shadow. In his youth, he had been intensely disliked by his father, a country gentleman of the old school (bear hunting, a private theatre, a few fine Old Masters among a good deal of trash), whose uncontrollable temper was rumored to have been a threat to the boy's very life. The house in the country that my uncle inherited had been built on, and partly from, the ruins of the palace where the ineffectual Czarevitch Alexis, son of that arch-bully, Peter the Great, had lived for a while. Of all the elegances of the place, I particularly remember a sarcophagus, an organ, a collection of porcelain animals, the checkerboard flagstones of the hall, the skylights and the upper galleries, the colored dusk of mysterious rooms, and carnations and crucifixes everywhere.

When Uncle Ruka died, in 1916, he left me what would amount nowadays to a couple of million dollars and his country estate, with its white-pillared mansion on a green, escarped hill and its two thousand acres of wildwood and peat bog. I am told that the house still stood there fifteen years ago, nationalized but aloof, a museum piece for any sightseeing traveller who might follow the highway, far below in the valley, through the village of Rozhestveno and across the branching river. Because of its floating islands of water lilies and its algal brocade, the fair Oredezh had a festive air at that spot. Farther down its sinuous course, where swallows shot out of their holes in a steep red clay embankment, it was deeply suffused with reflections of the great, romantic firs that fringed my father's estate, and still farther downstream the endless foamy flow of a water mill gave the spectator looking down from the bridge, his elbows on the handrail, the sensation of receding endlessly, as if he were standing at the stern of time itself.

The house above the river and all the rest of my inheritance from Uncle Ruka were, of course, swallowed up by the Bolshevik Revolution, and it would be natural to assume that my political convictions have been colored by this fact. Actually, my quarrel with the Soviet dictatorship, which has persisted for the thirty years since the revolution, is wholly unrelated to any question of property; my contempt for the Russian émigré who "hates the Reds" because they "stole" his fortune is complete. The nostalgia I have been cherishing all these years is a sense of lost childhood, not sorrow for lost banknotes.

I FIND it queer—queer and a little unpleasant—to reflect that during the brief year that I, a lad of seventeen, was in possession of that great estate and that great wealth, I was too deeply absorbed by lovemaking and verse writing to derive any special pleasure from the legacy or to experience any annoyance when the revolution abolished it overnight. This recollection gives me the sense of having been ungrateful to Uncle Ruka, of having joined in the general attitude of smiling condescension that even those who liked him usually took toward him. It is with the



utmost repulsion that I force myself to recall the sarcastic comments that my Swiss tutor (otherwise a most kindly soul) used to make on my uncle's best composition. This was a *romance*, both the music and words of which Uncle Ruka had written. One day, on the terrace of his Pau castle, with the amber vineyards below and the empurpled mountains in the distance, during a period when he was harassed by asthma, palpitations, shiverings, and a Proustian excoriation of the senses, and in a mood to be excited by the impact of the autumn colors (described in his own words as the "*chapelle ardente*" of leaves "*aux tons violents*"), the distant voices from the valley, and a flight of doves stippling the tender sky, he had composed that one-winged *romance* that my tutor so scorned. It is ironic that the only person who memorized the music and all the words was a brother of mine whom Uncle Ruka never noticed and who is also now dead. But I at least can never forget some parts of it or how my uncle sang it for us.

"*L'air transparent fait monter de la plaine*," he would sing in his high tenor voice, seated at the white piano in our country house. If I were at that moment on my way home through the park (perhaps because, a few minutes before, I had seen Uncle Ruka's jaunty straw hat and the Assyrian profile of his coachman, who wore black velvet with scarlet sleeves, skim rapidly along the hedge separating the park from the drive), the sound of my uncle's voice would welcome me:

"*Un vol de tourterelles strie le ciel tendre,*
Les chrysanthèmes se parent pour la Toussaint."

The plaintive words would reach me as I walked with my green butterfly net on the shady, tremulous path and looked ahead to a vista of reddish sand and the corner of our freshly repainted house, the color of young fir cones, with its open drawing-room window, whence the wounded music came.

THE act of vividly recalling a patch of the past is something that I seem to have been performing with the utmost zest all my life, and I have reason to believe that this almost pathological keenness of the retrospective faculty is a hereditary trait. My father had it, I know. There was a certain spot in the forest, a brown bridge across a brown brook, where he would always piously pause to recall the rare butterfly that, on the seventeenth of August, 1883, his German tutor had netted for him. The thirty-year-old scene would be gone through again and again for the benefit of us children. He and his brothers had stopped short in helpless excitement at the sight of the coveted insect poised on a log; in tense silence, not daring to strike himself, he had handed his net to Herr Rogge, who was groping for it while keeping his eyes fixed on the splendid fly.

This hereditary nostalgia visited me at an absurdly early age. I can remember how, when I was five and we were living temporarily in a rented villa at Abbazia on the Adriatic (Villa Neptune, it was called), I would moon in my cot after lunch and how I used to turn over on my stomach and, carefully, lovingly, hopelessly, and in an artistically detailed fashion difficult to reconcile with the ridiculously small number of seasons that had gone by to form for me the nostalgic image of "home," draw with my forefinger on my pillow the road sweeping up to the porch of our country house in Russia, the carved back of a bench on the left, the stone steps on the right, and a newly shed horseshoe—a collector's item—shining in the reddish dust of the drive.

Once, when I was twelve or so, Uncle Ruka became engrossed in some French children's books that he came upon in the schoolroom. With an ecstatic moan, he found and read aloud to me a passage he had loved in his childhood: "*Sophie n'était pas jolie, elle avait de bonnes grosses joues.*" And many years later my moan echoed his when I rediscovered, in a chance nursery, those same "Bibliothèque Rose" volumes, with their stories about boys and girls who led, in France, an idealized version of the *vie de château* that my family led in Russia. The stories themselves (all those "Les Malheurs de Sophie," "Les Petites Filles Modèles," "Les Vacances," and others) are, as I see them now, an awful combination of preciosity and vulgarity, but in writing them the sentimental and smug Mme. de Ségur, née Rostopchine, was Frenchifying the surroundings of her Russian childhood. In my own case, when I come upon the books and read again about Sophie's troubles, I not only go through the same agony and delight that my uncle did but have to cope with an additional burden—the recollection I have of him reliving his own childhood with the help of those very books. I see again my schoolroom, the blue roses of the wallpaper, and the open window. Its reflection fills the oval mirror above the leather couch where my uncle sits, gloating over a tattered book. A sense of security, of well-being, of summer warmth pervades my spirit. That robust memory is so real that it makes a ghost of the present. The mirror brims with brightness; a bumblebee has entered the room and bumps against the ceiling. Everything is as it should be, nothing will ever change, nobody will ever die.

—VLADIMIR NABOKOV

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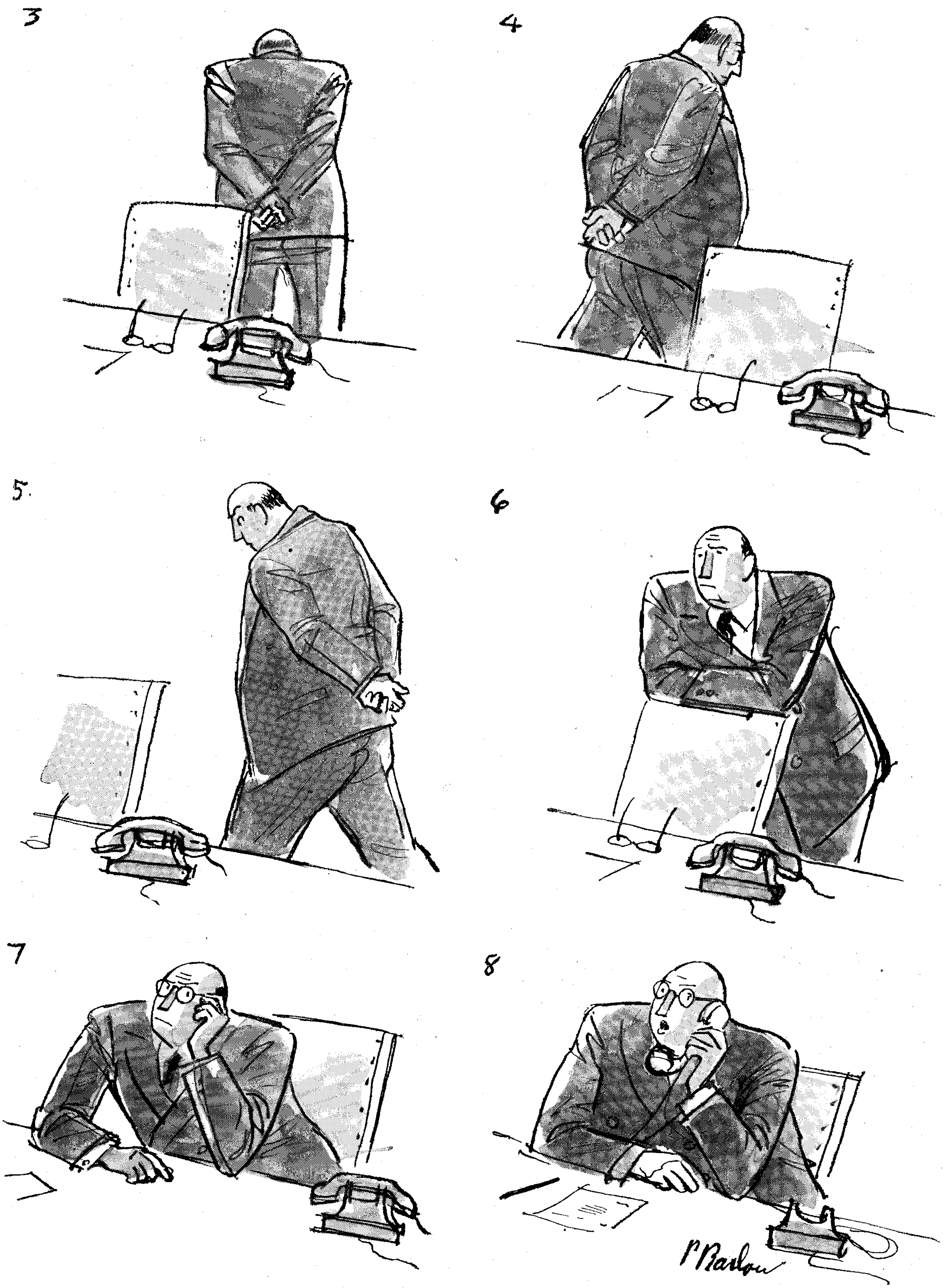
Tops on the shopping list of the expectant miss is a jaunt to Judith Rae's to see this original all-wool maternity suit.
—*Adv. in the Milwaukee Journal.*

All wool and a yard wide, eh, Miss?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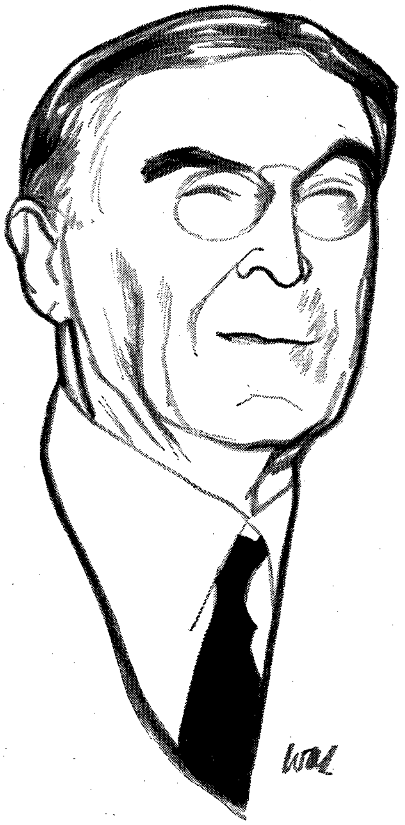
P Barlow

"Get me a club sandwich on rye, no mayonnaise, no lettuce, and a glass of milk."

PROFILES

THE OLD MAN

I—A DAY AT SARATOGA



Bernard Mannes Baruch

DEW was heavy on the grass beside the long row of stables. A thin, blue plume of smoke stood up from the chimney of the mess shack across from the stables, and the early sunlight glistened on the tents of the swipes and exercise boys ranged along the outer edge of the field beside the mess shack. Few sounds broke the stillness of the morning—stamping in the stalls, muffled human and equine coughs now and again, occasional ejaculations and sharp bursts of laughter from the boys, and a distant jubilee of peepers in some flats not far from the track. Many of the stalls were empty; this was the last week of the Saratoga season, and quite a number of horses had already been shipped to other tracks. It was about eight o'clock. Robert J. Kleberg, Jr., owner of the King Ranch, in Texas, of Assault, and of all the horses in these stables, sat alone in a garden chair under a brilliantly colored and incongruous beach umbrella, up toward one end of the row of stalls. Max Hirsch, Kleberg's trainer, stood under a tree talking with some of the exercise boys. Hirsch, a sharp-faced man with glasses, was wearing a gabardine shooting jacket, with a shoulder patch to couch the butt of a gun; he kept his hands in his pants pockets and his shoulders hunched, and talked in a husky voice. A black mongrel dog lay by the trainer's feet.

A Cadillac limousine drove up the road that led into the Kleberg stable area. It stopped on the grass not far from the mess shack. "Here's the boss," Hirsch said, and turned and walked toward the car. The dog followed him. Kleberg stood up and also approached the limousine. A chauffeur got out and opened the car door. A huge old man stepped out of the car and, behind him, a young woman. The old man—Bernard Mannes Baruch—straightened up and stood like a general reviewing troops. He had on a single-breasted suit, a topcoat parted in front enough to show a Phi Beta Kappa key hanging from a watch chain, and a gray, snap-brim hat. He wore a white plastic hearing aid in his right ear.

"Hello, Boss," Hirsch said.

"Hello, Max," the old man said. He shook hands with the trainer and then turned to receive Kleberg. "Hello," he said. "Hope you don't mind our coming out to look things over."

"Delighted to have you," Kleberg said.

"This is Navarro, my nurse," Baruch said.

Hirsch asked, "Want to look at the horses now, Boss, or would you rather have your breakfast first?"

Baruch slapped his stomach and said, "I'd better have a bite first. Otherwise, I might eat one of your horses." He laughed. He had got up, in the Gideon Putnam Hotel, an hour earlier, quartered and eaten three oranges, worked fifteen minutes with dumbbells, taken a cold bath, dressed, and driven out to the track; and he was hungry.

A girl of about twenty, in blue jeans and a tweed jacket, with her hair tightly braided and pinned up on the back of her head, came out of the mess shack. Kleberg introduced her to Baruch as his daughter, Helenita, and Baruch stepped right over to her and said, in deep Southern tones, "Well, Miss, I see you like to ride."

"I do, yes," she said.

"Do you do any shooting?"

"A little."

"What kind of gun do you use?"

"A four-ten."

"A four-ten!" Baruch put his hands over his ears and made a face that suggested he had never before in all his seventy-seven years been the recipient of such astounding news. "Do you realize," he asked Miss Navarro when he had recovered, "that a four-ten has a muzzle no bigger than *that?*" And he made a circlet less than the size of a dime with his forefinger. "You must be a formidable shot," he said to Miss Kleberg gravely.

"You ought to see her father," said Hirsch. "I've seen Mr. Kleberg stick his left hand out the window of a moving automobile and take the head right off a turkey with an automatic."

"I remember," Baruch said, "a man named Wingfield, George Wingfield. *He* was a man with a gun. He started out as a jockey. Then he was a gambler in Western mining camps, and a prospector. One day, he stopped in at the bank in Winnemucca, Nevada, and asked George Nixon, the fellow who ran the bank, for a stake of a few hundred dollars. Well, Nixon and Wingfield got to be partners, and Nixon became a senator. On the afternoon of the twenty-eighth of December, 1906 (I believe it was), William Crocker, of San Francisco—he had a pointed beard; he was a great believer in the West, a great optimist—came into my office in New York with Senator Nixon and said Nixon needed two million five hundred and seventy-eight thousand dollars for a gold mine he and Wingfield were developing. Goldfields Consolidated, it was called. Nixon made a noise like a dividend, so I put up a million and got involved in the enterprise myself. The first time I saw Wingfield was when I went out to Goldfield quite a bit later to look the property over. He was carrying five revolvers—two here, two here, and one here. He also had four Pinkerton detectives with him. Wingfield told me he'd been having labor trouble with some of the I.W.W. boys in his mine. One reason was a company rule he had, to the effect that the men working in the high-grade mines had to strip as they started home, and then they had to jump over a bar, so that any nuggets of gold they might have hidden under their arms or between their legs would fall on the floor. The I.W.W. had beaten up Wingfield's superintendent and some of his foremen and left them out in the desert. Wingfield had ridden out himself and brought the men in and walked right through a mob of the strikers in front of the bank. He was afraid of nothing. When the strikers tried to knock out a newspaper he published by frightening the newsboys and distributors off the streets, Wingfield went out and peddled his papers himself. One of the strikers waylaid him, but Wingfield knocked the man out with the butt of one of his guns. As I say, Wingfield was the best shot I ever saw. Out at one of the mines, someone would throw a bottle up, end over end, behind him, and he'd wheel around and get one of his guns up in a single motion and break the bottle. Now, that's shooting. . . . I'm hungry! Let's eat!"

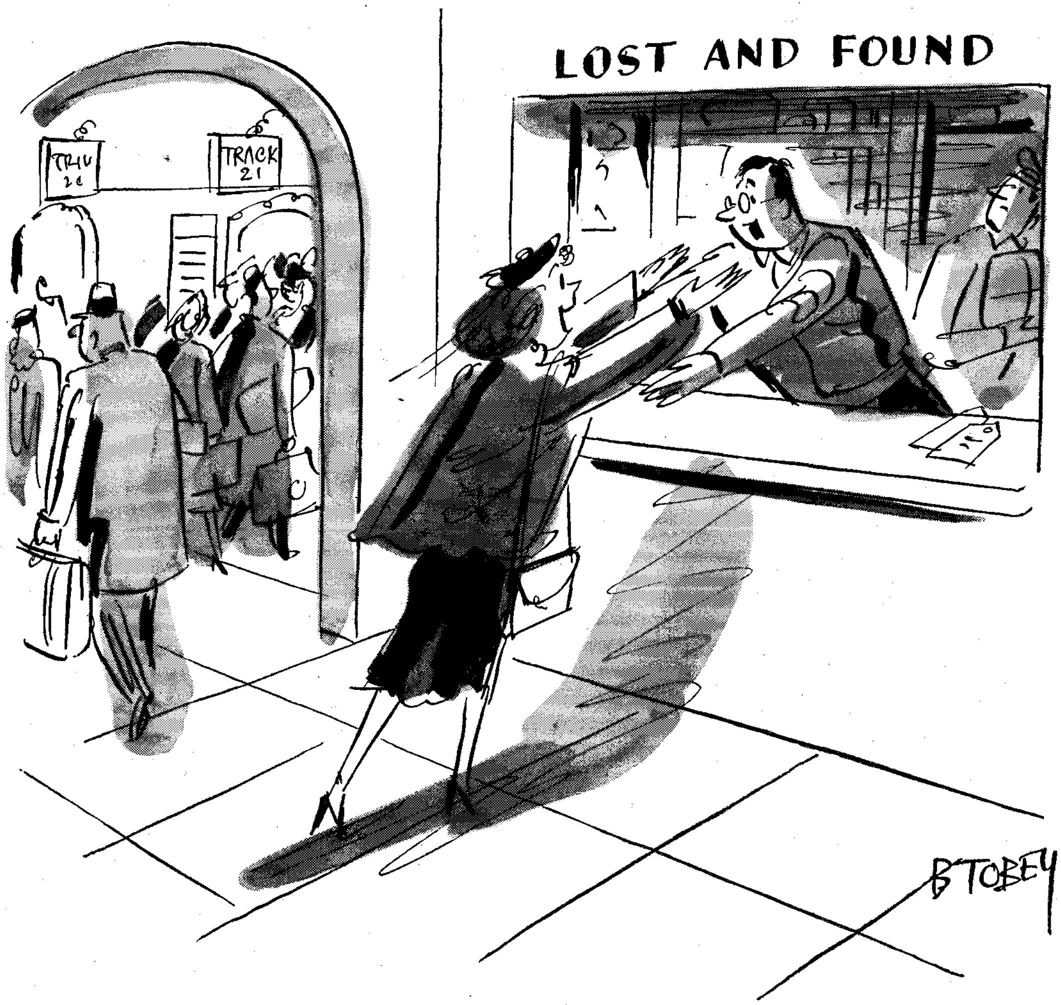
Max Hirsch opened the door of the mess shack; Baruch bowed to Miss Navarro and let her pass in ahead of him; Baruch and Kleberg followed; Miss Kleberg went off to exercise a horse. The shack had two small rooms—a dining room and a kitchen. Two places were set at a round table; the Klebergs and Hirsch had eaten earlier. Baruch took off his hat but not his topcoat, and sat down, along with the others. A fat, smiling Negro woman served cuts of melon.

"That's a fine girl, your daughter, Mr. Kleberg," Baruch said as he shook a great deal of salt on his melon and began to eat. "A fine, pretty girl. You know, I have reason to remember her grandfather on her mother's side. He was a member of Congress, as you know. Congressman Campbell."

Kleberg smiled and nodded.

Baruch ate with relish and said, between mouthfuls, "He took part in the 'leak investigation.' First time I was ever investigated. Let's see—it was in January, 1917. The month before that, there had been a series of peace rumors, and with each one the stock market broke a little, and each time it did, I sold short and made some money. I made five hundred thousand dollars one day. A rumor got around that I had made my money on the strength of some information from the White House, supposedly a leak of some peace negotiations. So these congressmen called me in to investigate me. I got them in the palm of my hand at the very beginning. They asked me my name and address, then they asked me my occupation, and I guess they expected me to say I was a banker, or something dignified like that. I sat up straight and said I was a speculator. That had 'em. Then I went on to tell them I made my money in perfectly legal ways—just by being faster than the next fellow. For instance, on December 19, 1916 (I believe it was), I was standing at the ticker reading a news report of a speech by Lloyd George. The first part of the story was full of determination; the British would carry on, they'd fight to the last man, and so on. Then the word 'but' came over the ticker. I didn't have to see any more. I knew that whatever followed that 'but' would start another rumor and peace scare and a decline. So on the strength of that one word I immediately sold heavily, and that was the day I made half a million. Well, through all the investigation your little girl's grandfather was very courteous and understanding, but there was this other fellow—I forget his name, he was some sort of a radical from the Northwest—"

The cook brought Miss Navarro and Baruch plates with several huge, fat pancakes on them, and coffee. "Ah!" Baruch said. "Flapjacks! Fine, fine! Please pass the butter, Navarro. Now the molasses, please. Fine, fine! . . . As I say, this other fellow was extremely obnoxious, trying to be as unpleasant as he could. Then, all of a sudden, in one of the afternoon sessions, I noticed he was getting polite and seemed to be very good to me. After the session—some more molasses, please, Navarro . . . thank you—after the session, Lacey, my faithful attendant for twenty-odd years, was approached by a woman who said she was this harsh congressman's wife, and she asked if the man who was being investigated was a son of Belle Baruch, from down in Camden, South Carolina. Lacey said I was. 'Then I'm going to tell my old man to lay off,' the lady said, 'or else I'll tear his eyes out. No son of Belle Baruch could ever do anything wrong.' He laid off, too. When I got back to New York, I told Mother—she was then sixty-seven—what had happened. You must understand, Mr. Kleberg, that my mother was a remarkable woman. She was very beautiful, and she had a pure and serene heart. She always endeavored to instill into her children lessons of tolerance and kindliness. 'If



"Charlie!"
"Martha!"

LISTEN TO THE LINOTYPE

Some of my favorite news items appear in the New York *Herald Tribune*,
A journal so nonpartisan as to be practically amphibiune.
In these days when we are living on the rim of a crater,
I like a paper that gets around to printing everything sooner or later.
Where else could I on October 2, 1947, have read or heard
That in 1929 the mockingbird was chosen by the Mississippi Federation of Women's Clubs to be the Mississippi state bird?
Since this fact had seemingly lain dormant for seventeen years before receiving mention,
I naturally wondered if it had ever been brought to the mockingbird's attention.
I was relieved to learn from a venerable Maryland mockingbird of my acquaintance that in 1930 a notification ceremony was held in Jackson,
Attended by hordes of citizens, running the gamut from white to Protestant and Anglo-Saxon.
The mockingbirds stated that the signal honor was far signaller than any they had anticipated,
They had never dreamed of being Mississississipated.
And then they scattered around a little suet and feed,
And voted the Mississippi Federation of Women's Clubs as the Federation of Women's Clubs most likely to succeed.
In gratitude for this information I showed my feathered friend an item from the same paper stating that the Tiber River, in Italy, is 253 miles long,
And he agreed with me when I said I wouldn't sell my subscription for a song.

—Ogden Nash

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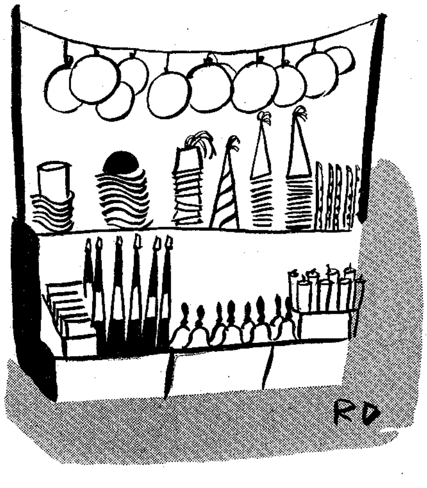
you can't say anything pleasant about a person, keep your tongue between your teeth,' she'd say to us, and 'If you touch pitch, it'll stick to your fingers.' She was active in all kinds of charities. Whether she worked for the benefit of the Montefiore Home or the J. Hood Wright Memorial Hospital—whether it was for a Jewish or Protestant or Catholic organization made no difference to Mother so long as she felt she was doing some good. Late in her life, the people who used to work with her on these charities called her *la Grande Duchesse*. . . . More coffee? Thank you, yes, I will. . . . Well, when I told my mother what had happened during the investigation, she said, 'Now, let me see, let me see.' I could tell she was trying to think of the nicest thing she could say. Then she told me that when she and Father—he was a remarkable person, too—lived in Camden, there were only four or five Jewish families there: the De Leons, the Levys, the Baums, and the Wittkowskys, as I remember it. Then another Jewish family immigrated to this country and moved to Camden and opened a bakery. And Mother said that one day she saw the baker's wife breast-feeding her child in the open street, and Mother told her, in the gentlest sort of way, that customs were somewhat unusual in the Southern part of the United States, that there were certain kinds of unnecessary modesty, that it might be better to nurse the child indoors, and so on. Always after that, the baker's family thought Mother was an angel. And this congressman's wife was the baker's daughter. You can see from this how kindness always comes home again."

By this time, Baruch had cleaned his plate and had finished his second cup of coffee. "Now!" he said. "Is Assault going to beat Armed?" Kleberg and Hirsch and he talked awhile about various Kleberg horses, and then they decided to go out and look at some of them. As they stood up to leave, Baruch whispered to Miss Navarro and she opened her purse, took out a five-dollar bill, and gave it to him. "Best flapjacks I've had in a dog's age," he said to the cook, who was clearing away the dishes, and he handed her the bill. "Always glad to see *you*, Mr. Baruch," she said. "Come back real soon."

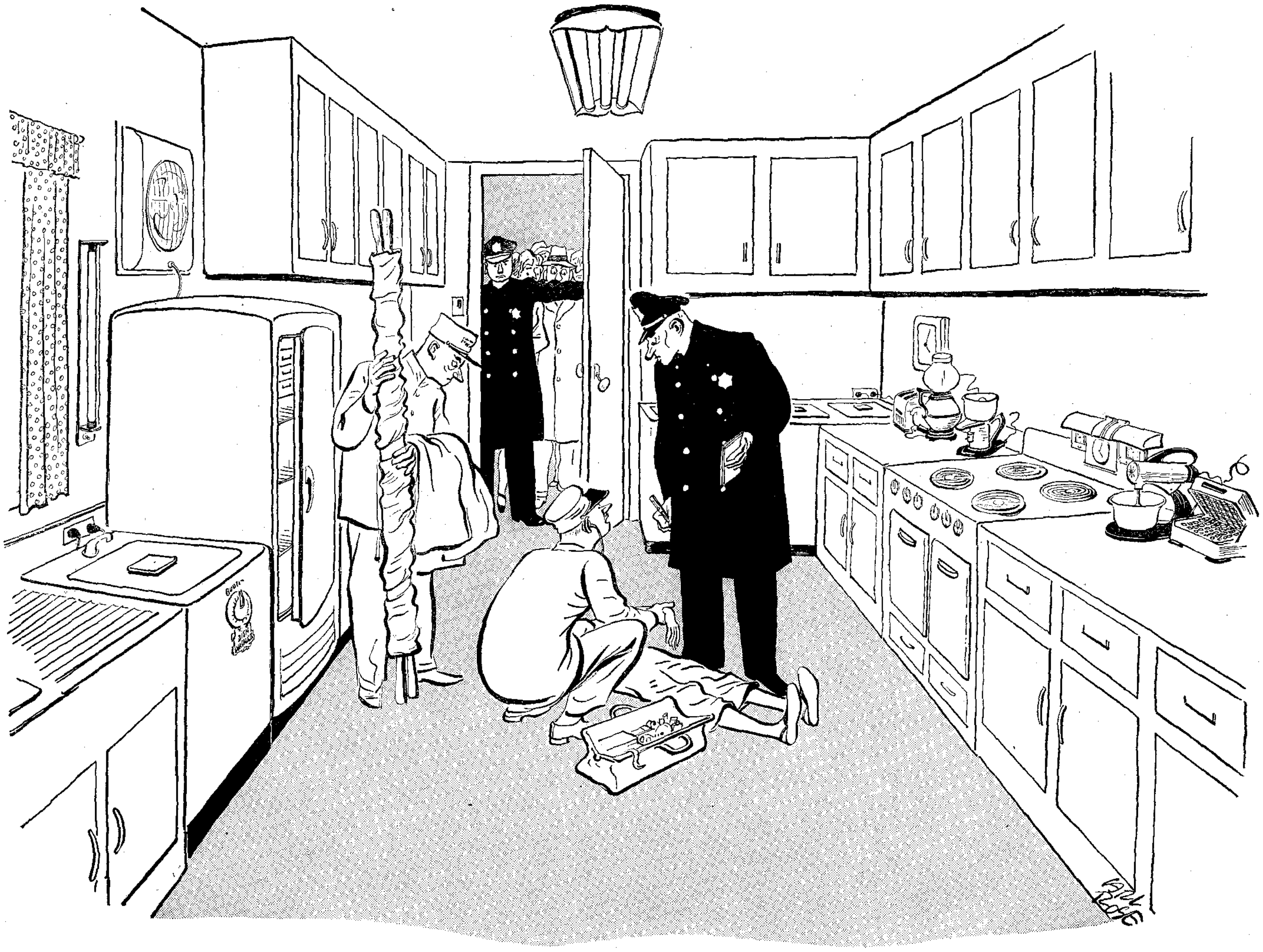
THE three men and Miss Navarro went outside and stood for a time watching the exercise boys walk a number of horses in blankets around and around a tiny oval. Presently, Baruch pointed at one of the handlers and said, "See that fellow over there—the one in the mutton-pie hat? He used to work for me. There's a fellow, a few years ago he was down, both mentally and physically, way down lower than a snake's belly. I got ahold of him and took him down to Hobcaw Barony, my place in South Carolina, and he used to go shooting with me. He couldn't hit a flying barn, but he'd tramp all day and he'd try. Bit by bit, he began to get feeling better, and now look at him. He's on top of the heap." Suddenly, Baruch's voice became a few tones deeper and its resonance increased; a seriousness and persuasiveness came into his face. "You know, it's the same way with nations as it is with men. We, as a nation, can't let all this get us down. Now, Joe Kennedy—the former Ambassador, you know—he'll say to me, 'Oh, it's all gone to hell in a bucket, and you know it, Bernie.' But he doesn't believe that: Joe's got a sense of humor, he's pulling my leg. None of us believes that. We've got to *think* we can lick this thing, and then, by God, we will lick it."



The conversation swung back to horses, and Kleberg suggested that Baruch might like to see Bridal Flower, a horse that, Kleberg remarked, was a beauty all alone on the track in morning workouts but not yet calm enough in races with other horses. One of the swipes led the horse out of her stall; she was a slight filly, nicely proportioned and nicely named. Kleberg said to his trainer, "Max, tell Mr. Baruch how fast you think that horse'll run a mile one of these days."

The trainer, patting his dog, said, "Bridal Flower's a horse that can go. She'll go out there sometime and break the world's record."

"Don't talk to me about world's records," Baruch said. "I got myself badly burned by a world's record once. I had a horse called Knapsack, a dandy horse. I had high hopes for Knapsack. One day, he was up against a fast thing—I think it was called Cherry Pie—a very speedy animal, but I really thought Knapsack could win the race, so I sent a boy to put a bet on him. I told the boy to put twenty-five thousand on the nose on Knapsack, but when he came back, he said he was terribly sorry, he'd made an error, he'd put thirty-two thousand on my horse. I said, 'That's all right, son, we all make mistakes.' At that point, I



"Malnutrition—probably due to a failure of electric power."

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could afford to be tolerant, because I was sure I was going to win. Well, they ran the race, and Cherry Pie broke the world's record and beat Knapsack by the whiskers on the end of his nose. But he had to break the record to do it. That's the reason I don't like to talk about world's records. Let's talk about something else!"

Hirsch had a new subject all ready. "Want to see a remarkable dog do some work?" he asked.

"I always enjoy watching a good dog," Baruch said.

"Well, take a look at this," the trainer said. He took a quarter out of his pocket, rubbed it hard between his thumb and forefinger to get a scent on it, and scaled it nearly fifty yards across the road toward a field of tall grass and goldenrod. The mongrel sprinted off as soon as the coin left Hirsch's hand. As the quarter fell toward the field, it hit the white fence along the road and ricochetted into the grass at the edge. The dog, evidently judging his run by the coin's early flight, ran on under the fence into the field, sniffed about there for some time, worked back toward, and then back under, the fence, and finally found and retrieved the quarter. Next, Hirsch hung a handkerchief over a branch of a maple tree, some ten feet off the ground and almost two feet out from the trunk. He led the dog to a spot about thirty feet from the tree and pointed to the handkerchief. The dog spurted toward the tree, literally ran up the trunk on his momentum, snapped the handkerchief off the branch with a backward lurch, twisted in mid-air, and landed on his feet. Kleberg now threw a coin well out into the field of grass and goldenrod, and while the dog darted back and forth in the tall growth trying to find it, Baruch walked over with Hirsch and leaned on the white fence, watching, entertained by the dog's earnest money-grubbing.

During Baruch's absence, Kleberg asked Miss Navarro, "How's the old man's health? I haven't seen him for several years, but he looks every bit as well as he did the last time I saw him."

Miss Navarro, who has been Baruch's nurse for two years (since a mastoid operation, when he was seventy years old, Baruch has had a nurse, mainly to supplement his own firm self-discipline with a nurse's admonitions and attentions), is a broad-faced, handsome, calm, good-natured woman. "He's never been better in his whole life," she answered. "You know, he was a prizefighter when he was a younger man, and he still eats like a prizefighter. Yesterday at lunch he had three fried eggs, three slices of ham, lots of vegetables and bread, and three totally different and distinct desserts. You saw him at breakfast. He weighs two hundred and two pounds, but of course he's got the frame to carry it. He thought he had a little gout a couple of years ago, but I told him not to be silly, all the matter with him was that he was just like a woman—he bought his shoes too small, to make his feet look better. So then he got some good big shoes and everything's been fine ever since. He's as strong as an ox, and I think he'll live to be two hundred years old.”

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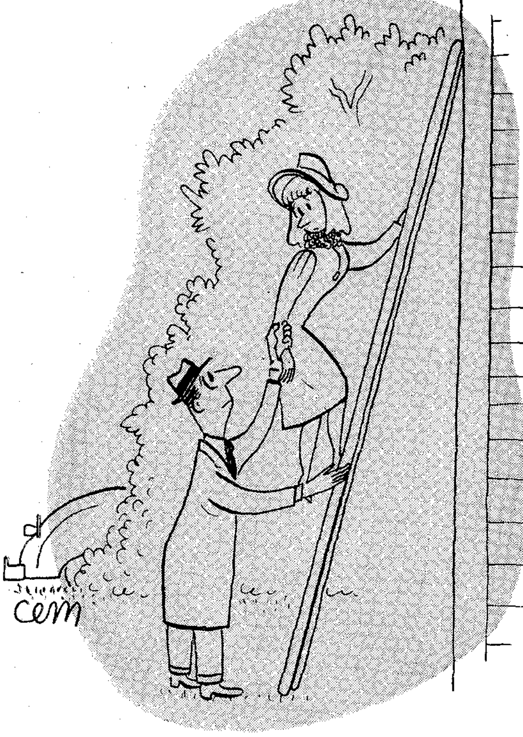

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When Baruch and Hirsch walked back to the others, after having given the dog two or three more trials, Baruch said to his host, “I was just saying to Max that I’ve never seen a finely bred dog that was really good. I’ve known a lot of dogs in my time: I remember an English mastiff named Sharp that one of my father’s patients gave us when I was a boy, and then we had a bulldog named Fierce, and later De Lancey Nicoll gave me a big brown setter named Dewey—he was a great dog; that dog actually knew what you were talking about; he could even catch crabs in shallow water—and I had a shepherd dog named Peter, and many others. But I’ve always had more success in the hunting field with scrub dogs than with highly bred ones. The thoroughbreds are fine on points and they move beautifully, but they haven’t got the nose of the hybrids. I had an old fellow down at Hobcaw and every time he saw a thoroughbred, he used to say, ‘He can’t find nothin’, he can’t smell nothin’, and he ain’t good for nothin’.’ Is there any thrill greater than hunting behind a good dog, Mr. Kleberg? By God, if there is, I don’t know it!”

Miss Navarro reminded Baruch that he had a ten-o’clock appointment at the mineral baths. He walked toward his car.

“Come out again some morning,” Kleberg said.

“All right,” Baruch said. “I’ll come out and we’ll sit under that umbrella over there and fix up the world. Remember that time in ’40 we sat in that very spot and figured out how to beat inflation?”

Kleberg laughed and said, “I certainly do. I wish they’d taken up some of our ideas! But if we can’t fix the world this time, at least we can talk about horses.”

In the car, Baruch said to Miss Navarro, “Did you hear what that young man said? He said, ‘If we can’t fix the world.’ I don’t like to hear the young men of this country talking that way. We *can* fix the world. We’ve got to believe we can, and then we will. . . . A nice-looking filly, Bridal Flower. . . . Imagine that girl shooting a four-ten! . . . What a fine fellow Max Hirsch is! . . .”

BARUCH stopped in at the Gideon Putnam just long enough to see whether a call had come through from a Mr. Buzzy Appleton, a gentleman with a number of business interests in New York City who, all through the Saratoga meeting, had been giving Baruch advice on the horses. The call had not come, so Baruch drove to the Washington Bath House, indulged in a mineral bath, suffered a massage, and fell into a deep sleep, which lasted for a little more than half an hour. This nap made him late for an eleven-o’clock appointment with a man named Crampton, and when Baruch returned to his hotel rooms, the caller was waiting for him.

The living room of Baruch’s suite was a large room in the northwest corner of the hotel. It was a standard hotel room, overstuffed and mass-produced, except for one small cluster of furniture at one side of the room. Upon this group Baruch had placed his stamp. It consisted of three chairs—a thronelike leather-upholstered wing-back, for Baruch, and two wooden basket chairs, very nearby, for collocutors—and a drum table crowded with papers: letters, among them one from Secretary Marshall congratulating him on his seventy-seventh birthday; copies of the *Morning Telegraph* and the *Daily Racing Form;* a pocket-size murder mystery; and various notes and scraps. On entering the room, Baruch took off his hat and coat and sat down at once in the leather chair. “Sit over here where I can hear you,” he said to Crampton, and he leaned forward and pulled one of the wooden chairs to within a couple of feet of himself. Crampton sat in it. “What can I do for you?” Baruch asked in a rather forbidding way.

Crampton was interested, he said—

“Talk louder!” Baruch said. “I’m a little deaf.” He took the microphone of his Zenith hearing aid out of his vest pocket and held it up in front of him.

Crampton, somewhat confused, said he had said he wanted to interest Mr. Baruch in buying some shares in—

“What did you say?”

Crampton began again, and this time he managed to get fairly far into his case before Baruch said, “I don’t really care about money. When I made my first million dollars—I was about thirty then—I went to my father, and I was pretty excited, as you can imagine, and I asked him if he wanted to go down to the bank vaults and *see* the million, the actual securities and bankbooks. My father was an extraordinary man, Mr. Crampton. My father had the finest collection of natural faculties of any man I ever knew, and he constantly improved what he had. He was able, by reading and by study, to assimilate anything, and he had a mental machine that was able to take in whatever was good and reject what was bad. He was a handsome man, too—six feet tall, slender but straight, with a dark beard and mild blue eyes that looked straight at you. A very im-

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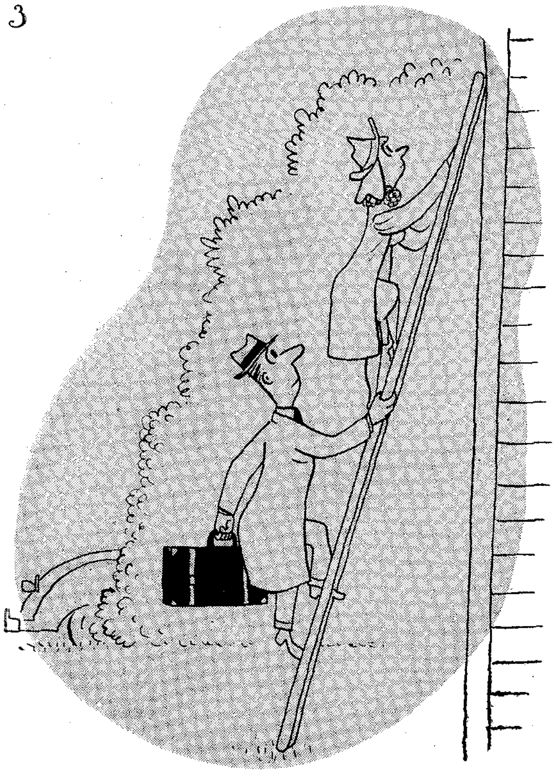


posing personage. He was a doctor and he worked all his life for his fellow-men. His passion was physical therapy. He conducted some of the first experiments in hydrotherapy, and that's why I'm so interested in this spa. People think I'm up here to see the races. Actually, I'm preparing a report for Governor Dewey on the baths. Well, when I asked my father if he wanted to see my million dollars, he said, 'No, son, I'm not interested in your money. I'm only interested in what you are going to do with it.' Father also used to say, 'Son, remember that there is no such thing as gratitude. Do things for your own satisfaction, and that means: do them well.' "

The telephone rang. Baruch shouted to Miss Navarro, who was in the next room, "See if that's Buzzy!" It was not Buzzy, Miss Navarro reported, but someone from a charitable organization, asking Baruch to make a speech. Baruch told her to find out when the speech was to be. It was, she said in a few moments, to be the next day. "Tell them I can't do it!" Baruch shouted. "Tell them that I have to prepare my speeches carefully." He turned to his visitor and said, "People believe in me, Mr. Crampton. They think I'm honest and they listen to my advice. They think I'm always right. That's the greatest satisfaction I've had in life—being right. But it's a heavy burden. I can't get up in public and say the first thing that comes into my head. I have to study things out. . . . Let's see, where were we?"

Crampton hurriedly presented a couple more of his ideas, and then Baruch said, "The only way you can succeed with a proposition like yours is by hard work—hard work and courage. You've got to be ready for anything and fearful of nothing. I believe I can say I'm afraid of nothing. I used to be a fighter in the ring, and I wasn't afraid of taking a beating. I'm not afraid of death. Some people think I'm an old man (I'm younger than most of them, really), but I'm not afraid of dying. What is it that Horace said—'*Pallida mors* . . .'? I remember the translation:

> With equal steps, pale death advances upon the hovels of the poor
> And upon the turrets of the mighty . . .

I haven't been afraid of death since I saw my father die. In his very last days, he said he wanted to die without rites. He didn't want the prayer 'Shema' recited when he died—that's a Hebrew prayer: 'Hear, O Israel, the Lord is our God, the Lord is one,' and so on. Father said he didn't think he wanted to try to fool God at the last minute. Just before he died, my brother Hermann stood over him saying, 'I'm Harty, I'm Harty'—for Hartwig, another brother. Hermann was testing Father, you see, to find out whether he was *compos mentis*. Father just shook his head—he *always* had a clear mind—and closed his eyes and died easily. That was all. I've never been afraid of it since then. . . . You were saying?"

Crampton made another start. After he had spoken a couple of sentences, Baruch said, "I forgot to add that along with courage you've got to have a sense of justice and fair play if you want to succeed. I have a terrible temper, Mr. Crampton, though I never can remember to *stay* angry. Nothing makes me madder than something that isn't fair. See that bump?" Baruch made a fist of his right hand, put it under Mr. Crampton's nose, and pointed with his left hand to a large irregularity—apparently an ill-knit broken bone—on the back of the right hand, just behind the knuckle of the third finger. "I got that because of a bit of foul play. It was eleven years ago, in 1936. I was driving to my apartment in New York in a taxi, crossing Fifty-seventh Street. Just as we approached Fifth Avenue, some fellow slammed his car across in front of my cab and nicked our fender. The driver of this other car got out and walked back, swearing at my taxi-driver. My man was getting out to talk back, and the other fellow slammed the front door of the cab shut on my driver's hand. It crushed the fellow's hand painfully. That made me mad, and I put my head out the window and said, just as severely as I could, 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself!' The fellow said, 'Yeah? You get out here and I'll do it to you, too.' Well, I unbuttoned my coat. Then I thought, If I get out on that side, *I'll* have a crushed hand, too. So I moved over and got out on the other side of the cab and snuck around behind"—Baruch stood up and began walking stealthily in a circle around the room—"and I may as well tell you I used to be a pretty good boxer. I got some pointers, in my younger days, from Joe Choynski and Fighting Bob Fitzsimmons down at Woods' Gymnasium, on Twenty-eighth Street, the south side between Fifth and Madison. So I came at this fellow on the run"—Baruch began to trot across the room, with his fists clenched, left hand forward, right hand drawn back a little—"and when I reached him—*ungh!* Right on the point of his chin! Luckily, he had a glass jaw and he went down flat on the pavement, out cold. A policeman came up, who'd seen me going by that corner for years and knew me. He said, 'Anything I can do to help you, Mr. Baruch?' I said, 'Yeah! Pick that son of a bitch up so I can hit him again.' Excuse me, Mr. Crampton, I was pretty angry. The cop said, 'If I was you, Mr. Baruch, I'd get moving before some flatfoot comes along here that doesn't know you.' So I moved along." Baruch sat down. "That happened when I was sixty-six. I've always kept myself in pretty good condition. Good health is terribly important, Mr. Crampton. If we could just get a nation of people healthy at both ends—clear minds and sound dogs! . . . Forgive me for interrupting. Go right ahead."

Rather hastily and somewhat inarticulately, Crampton again began pouring out information. "You can't start anything with any hope of succeeding," Baruch soon said, "that is, until you've made a study of every possible fact. That's all that matters—facts, facts, facts. When I was on the War Industries Board, in the first war, Woodrow Wilson used to call me Dr. Facts. President Wilson was my first hero, Mr. Crampton. He became my hero long before he was President, because of his policy of democratizing the eating clubs at Princeton. You see, I grew up a poor boy. When we first moved to New York, we lived in the attic of a boarding house at 144 West Fifty-seventh Street. I went to City College. I had it all planned out to go to Yale. I was going to work my way by waiting on table. But my mother didn't want me to leave home, so I used to walk to college. I was a great big fellow and a fighter and not afraid of anything, but I wasn't elected to a Greek-letter fraternity. I don't think it was because I was disliked. I think it was because I was a Jew. I think so. Though I can say that that has never militated against me. Somehow, people have been very courteous to me. I give courtesy to everyone, and I get it." Baruch sat up a little straighter and spoke, suddenly, more forcefully. "I demand courtesy!" He leaned back again. "I come from good stock. On my mother's side, I am seven generations American from a Spanish and Portuguese line. My father was an immigrant from Prussia. I think he must have been partly of Polish descent, because of his blue eyes. I remember, once, riding out to a farmers' convention in Chicago with Clemenceau, who was then visiting America, and he said to me, 'The Polish Jews are very great people,' and I wanted to ask him why he thought so, but just then the train stopped and there was a crowd on the platform yelling to see the old Tiger. He went out and waved to them, and when he came back, he sat down and said, '*Oui, mon enfant.*' I was just going to ask him my question when he said, 'Tell me about your George Washington. Is it true he was not an educated man like Wilson?' But before I could answer him, he nodded off and was fast asleep. . . . Go on, Mr. Crampton, go on."

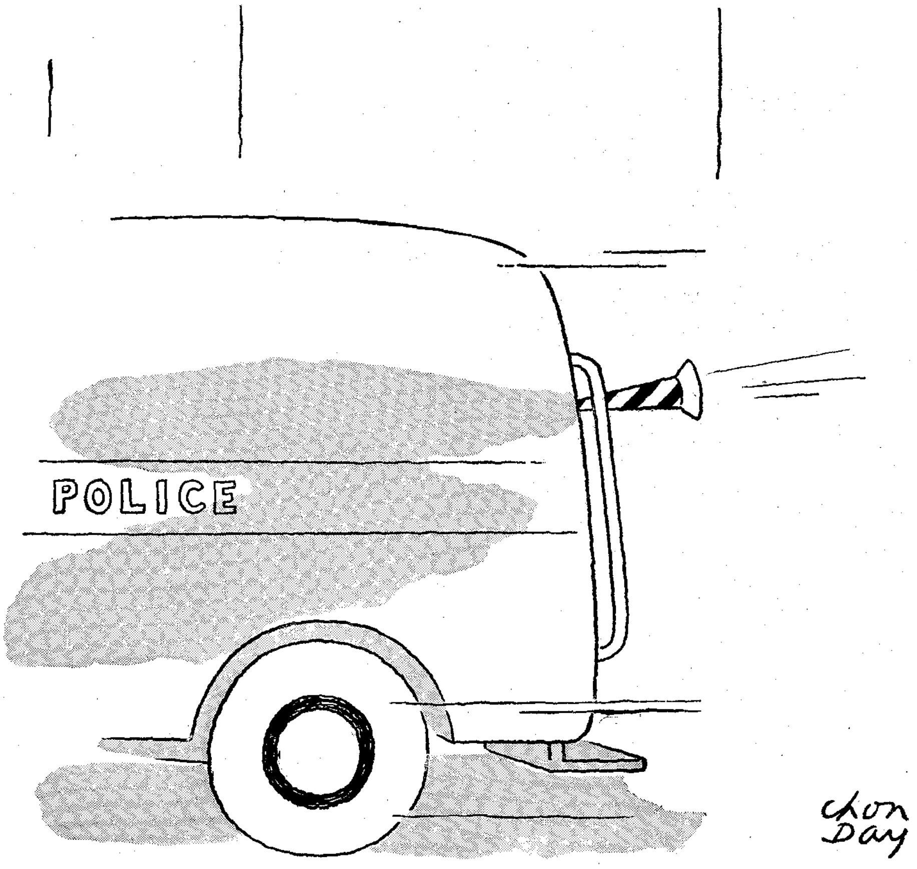
Crampton's salesmanship was interrupted again by the telephone, and this time Miss Navarro shouted that it was Buzzy Appleton. Baruch said, "Excuse me, sir. This is an important call I've been waiting for," and went into the next room. Crampton could easily hear Baruch's loud shouts into the phone: "That you, Buzzy? . . . Say! I got out on your last one yesterday. That horse named Aralak. . . . Sure I had him! You told me that whenever you gave me a horse with three stars, I could take out the family jewels and let myself go, and you had three stars on Aralak. I got out nicely. Any three-stars today? . . . Wait a minute. Navarro'll take them down. Thanks, Buzzy. Don't forget to call me tomorrow." As Baruch returned to the living room, Miss Navarro's quieter voice could be heard repeating the names of horses that Appleton liked that day.

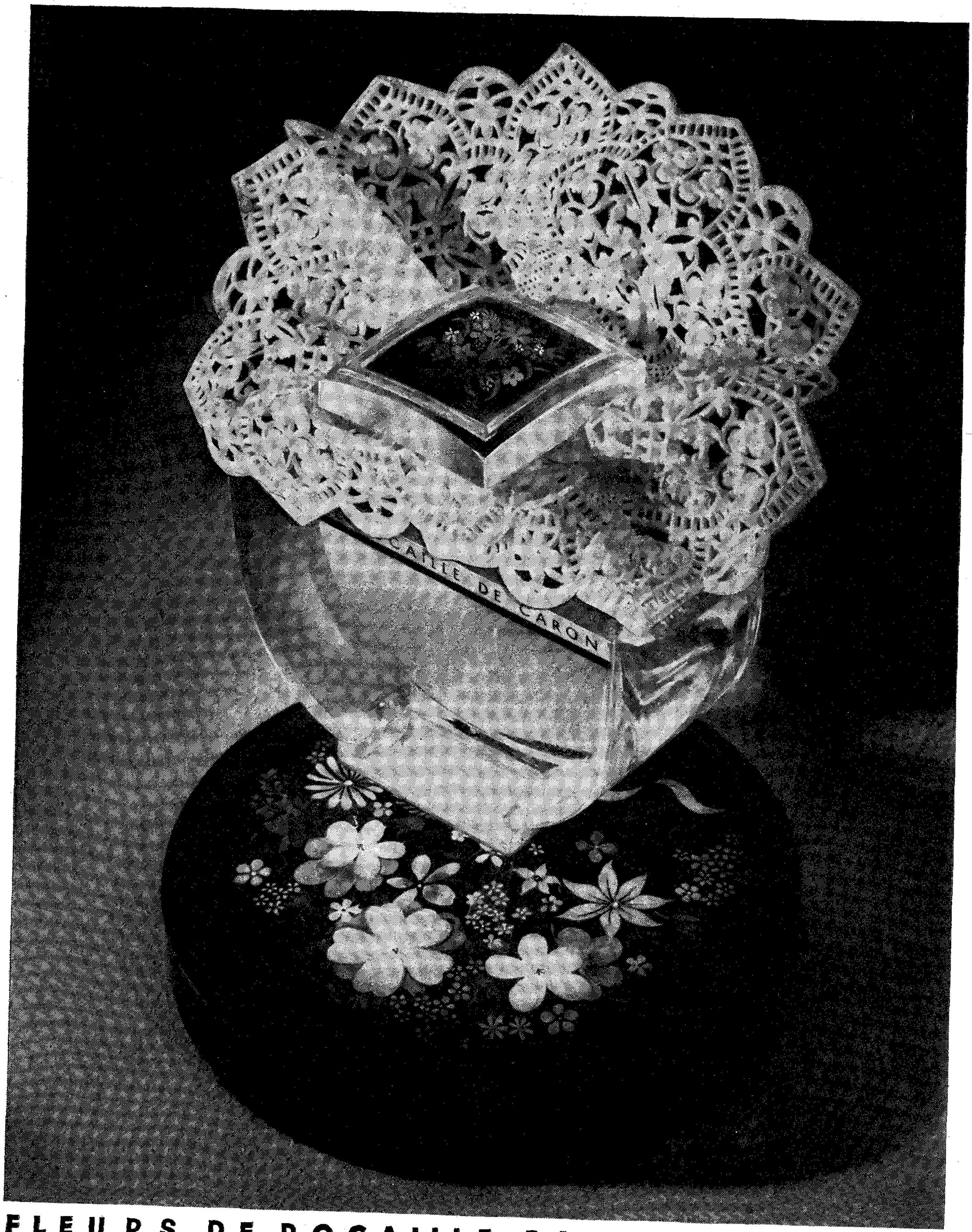
Again Crampton picked up his ravelled thread. He had spoken a few rather forlorn sentences when Baruch took a large gold watch from his vest pocket, looked at it, and said, "Nearly lunchtime. I can't be late for lunch. Now, let me see if I have your story straight." He proceeded to summarize Crampton's appeal. From the half sentences, the false starts, the strained recapitulations, and the blurted statistics that Crampton had squeezed into the half hour's conversation—scraps to which Baruch had scarcely seemed to listen—the old man now pieced together a succinct, pellucid, and persuasive sales story. "Yes, that's it! That's it!" Crampton exclaimed. "I didn't think—"

"I'll mull it over," Baruch said, standing up, "and let you know in a couple of days. Goodbye. Thanks for coming in."

BARUCH went to lunch, in the hotel dining room, at precisely noon, with Miss Navarro. He ate three lamb chops, a hill of rice, some salad, and several rolls, and was getting into his third dessert—a slice of watermelon, following a dish of ice cream and a pastry—when he looked at his watch again and found that he would barely have long enough for his nap before post time for the first race at the track, and so, though still not exactly sated, he ate only five or six forkfuls of the melon before he asked Miss Navarro for two dollars, which he put under his plate for the waitress, and left.

In his bedroom, he lay down and slept until, twenty minutes later, Miss Navarro awakened him. He arose, fresh, and though the afternoon was fairly warm, he put on his topcoat. He gathered up his *Morning Telegraph* and *Daily Racing Form*, slung a binoculars case over his shoulder, told Miss Navarro to make sure she had Buzzy Appleton's list, and hurried out with her. His chauffeur drove him to the clubhouse at the track. Waiting for the elevator to the tier of boxes on the second level of the stand, he encountered an acquaintance. "Look at that!" Baruch said, indicating with a sweep of his hand the tables at which clubhouse patrons were eating and drinking, the general-admission crowd walking around on the cement apron in front, the straightaway of the track, the laborers with their tractors and harrows and water trucks preparing the soil of the stretch, and, beyond, the tote boards twinkling with chance. "This *is* a country," he said. "There's nothing philosophical or metaphysical about the difference between our country and others. People here can drive along and buy hot dogs wherever they want, cross state lines without permits, and come to this track and throw their good money after

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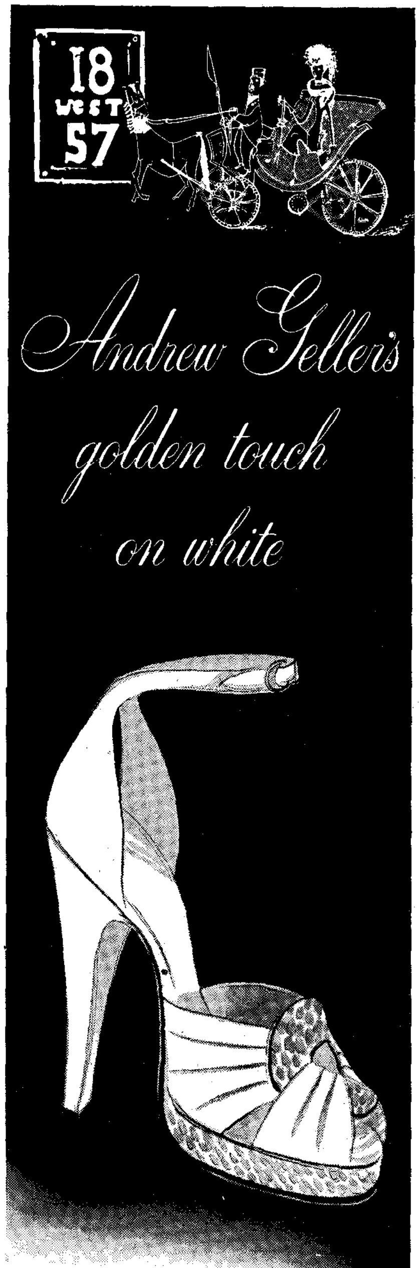
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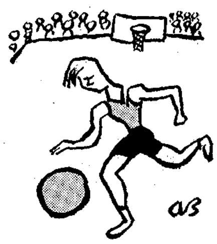
their bad with no one to stop them." In heavy accents of irony, he added, "Rotten country, isn't it?"

The acquaintance, a sportsman, who seemed not at all surprised at this patriotic outburst, countered Baruch's question with one of his own: "How you doing on the nags?"



"Fortunately, I put my mind to my work yesterday, and I prospered," Baruch said. He did not mention Buzzy Appleton's three-star recommendation, which had abetted the prosperity, but he remembered to knock on the wooden wall by the elevator door. The elevator came and, with Miss Navarro, Baruch ascended. He went to his box—in the fourth tier, at some distance to the right of the finish wire—and prepared himself for the day's work: focussed his binoculars, folded his dope sheets and put them on the shelf at the front of the box, persuaded Miss Navarro to turn over to him a roll of cash, put his pince-nez beside the papers on the shelf, and riffled the afternoon's program, reading it through his tortoise-shell glasses. Presently, a man named Schuyler, with a red face, a felt hat the front of whose brim was turned upward, and a voice that expressed the most commonplace thoughts in an extremely confidential tone, presented himself and waited about for orders from Baruch. After the trumpet had announced the horses for the first race and they had danced out in front of the stands, and after Baruch had taken off his tortoise-shells and put on his pince-nez and had a good look at them, and taken off his pince-nez and put on his tortoise-shells and had one last look at the experts' opinions and at Buzzy's list, he leaned forward, spoke in a very low voice to Schuyler, peeled a fifty-dollar bill from his roll, and handed it to him. Schuyler, looking as if he had just been told the details of the trigger mechanism of the atomic bomb and were trying to look as if he knew nothing, went off to place the bet. In a few minutes, the race started. Baruch stood up and watched through his binoculars. His horse did not win. To Miss Navarro, he said, "Here, as elsewhere, the experts lead us astray. They know the words to deceive us."

During the afternoon, a succession of people dropped by Baruch's box. Some of the visitors were friends; some said they knew his son, or one of his two daughters, or a friend of his; one said he had admired Baruch's rubber report during the war; another wanted to shake his hand because of his atomic plan; some offered no pretext whatever. All of them asked his advice on the horses, and most of them annoyed him. "I know nothing about horses," he said to one visitor. "There are lots of experts on horses, but I'm not one of them. Of course, I've noticed that these noisy experts never have two nickels to rub against each other—but don't come to *me* for advice." To another, he said, "I've been in a lot of businesses in my day—ranching, gold mines, stocks and bonds—and I just tuck away what little I know and try to keep quiet. You find some men who think they know everything about everything. They succeed in one business and then they get up on their little dunghill and shout about all kinds of things." To another, who querulously wondered whether a race just won by a long shot had been fixed, he said, "I've been in all walks of life and I've seen men under temptation. In the stock market. Here at the track. The big dog of truth eventually catches up with those who succumb. But I've never lost faith in human beings. I remember, when I was a kid, I read a story about a white man who fell into the hands of some Choctaw Indians, and they began torturing him to get some information from him. But he stood steadfast and said nothing. Integrity! See what I mean?" To hear his visitors, Baruch held up the little microphone of his hearing aid. When he tired of their questions, he simply shut down the rheostat on the microphone and put the contraption away in his vest pocket. After that, the visitors, unable to get through to him, went away.

Some of his callers he welcomed. Joseph P. Kennedy stopped by for a few minutes, and the two men joked about their losses. After Kennedy had left, Baruch mentioned Kennedy's son, Congressman John F. Kennedy, to Miss Navarro, then said, "The children of famous men generally have a hard time. They remain in the penumbra of their fathers. Not young Kennedy, though. He's stepped out." Later in the afternoon, Herbert Bayard Swope, in a straw hat and track tweeds, dropped by with rapid-fire information on developments in Geneva, prospects at Lake Success, the Republican outlook, and the next race. Later still, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt came to pay his respects and was treated to a recitation by Baruch of trout-fishing experiences in Canada, complete even to the names of streams and the locations of pools that used to abound with delightful speckled trout. When Vanderbilt had left, Baruch said to his nurse, "That young man's mother came down to Hobcaw once to hunt. She was the loveliest thing I ever saw. She had on a boy's costume and a little cocked hat with a feather, like Robin Hood's. She crept and crawled through the underbrush after those turkeys all day long. By God, she was a fine creature!" At about four o'clock, Baruch asked Miss Navarro, "Did you bring anything to eat?" She opened her handbag, took out something wrapped in pink tissue paper, removed the paper, and handed Baruch two large biscuits. At the same time, Schuyler arrived with some Coca-Cola. Baruch said, "Aha! Mr. Schuyler, you're a gentleman and a scholar. . . . Schuyler the scholar." Baruch wolfed his snack. Buzzy Appleton had not provided any three-star choices for this afternoon, and Baruch, though playing his bets secretively through the security-minded Schuyler, appeared to be losing. He stayed for the last race.

Baruch had offered Swope a ride back to the hotel. As Swope stepped into the car in the driveway in front of the clubhouse, he bumped his head on the top of the car doorway. "Abominable car!" he said, rubbing the top of his head. "You'll have to get a bigger car, B.M., if you want my patronage."

"If a man's head gets too big, no car will contain him," Baruch said. "I mean that generally. No reflection on yourself, Herbert."

Back at the hotel, Baruch changed into a dinner jacket and took a hearty dinner with Miss Navarro. Afterward, although he would have preferred to stay at home, he felt he owed it to the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt to appear at a performance in Saratoga of a play starring Faye Emerson, Elliott Roosevelt's wife. He sat watching and thinking in the darkness of the theatre through the first act, unable to hear a word of what was being spoken on the stage. At the end of the act, he returned to the hotel. He undressed, took a cold bath, and was in bed at ten-thirty.

—JOHN HERSEY

(This is the first of a series of three articles.)

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As a young matron, trying to redo and furnish a house in Austere, England, the princess has a full-time job on her hands.—*St. Louis Star-Times.*

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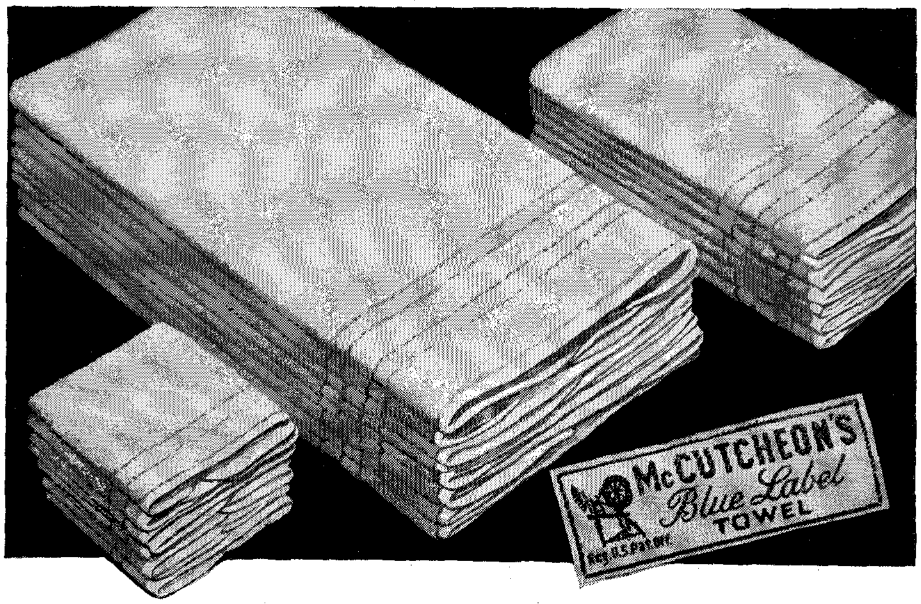

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THE THEATRE

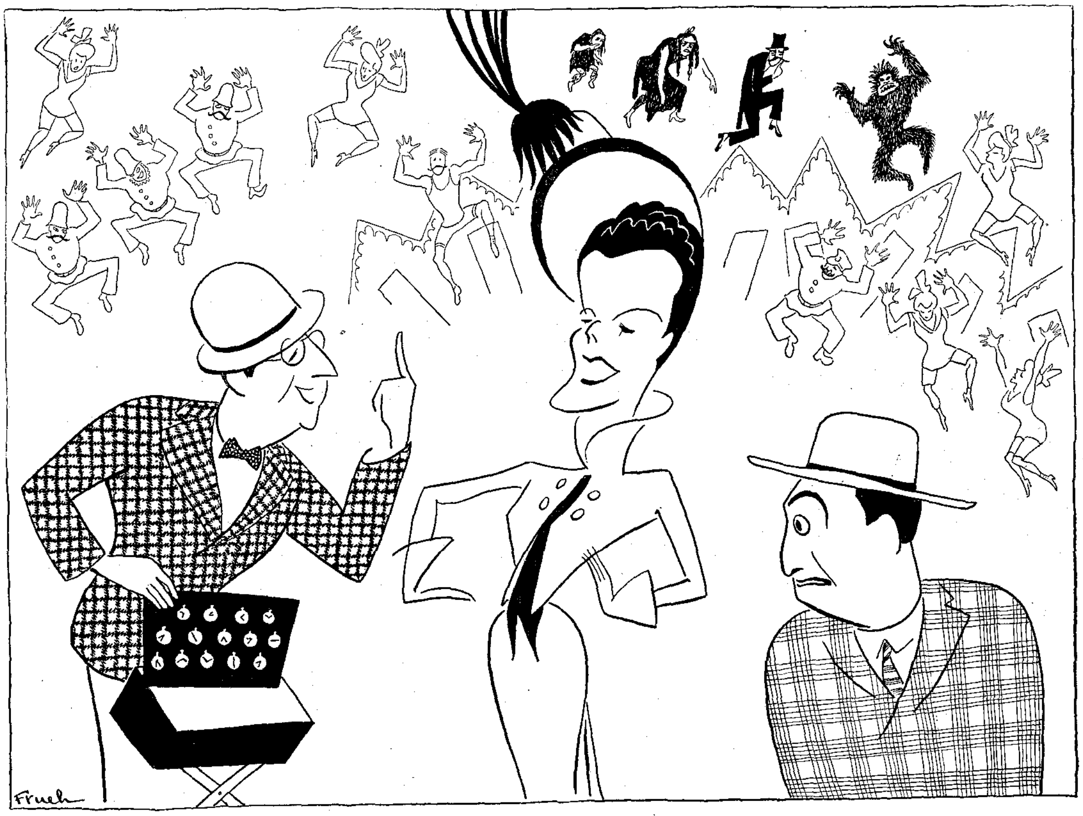
DARK DOINGS

I'M afraid the ensuing report on "Crime and Punishment," at the National, isn't going to be very satisfactory to thoughtful members of the congregation, because I can only report that I had a pretty confusing time at it the other night. Sometimes it occurred to me that it was intended to be a ruthless satire on the Russian character, not unlike Synge's tribute to his countrymen in "The Playboy of the Western World," and if this was the case, the humor struck me as being somewhat diminished by its resemblance to standard vaudeville burlesques of the Slavic drama. Sometimes, on the other hand, I gathered that, except in the most primitive sense, no humor was intended at all, and this was a disconcerting conclusion, since there was hardly anybody on the stage who didn't lapse now and then into complete absurdity. And sometimes I just decided that Rodney Ackland, who did the dramatization, was under the impression that basically his work was a psychological melodrama, though the psychology was remarkably cloudy and the melodramatic suspense, of course, practically nonexistent. Altogether, since I can't even define the intent of "Crime and Punishment," my opinion that it is a rather exasperating form of entertainment is certainly open to suspicion, especially when I add that I haven't read Dostoevski's novel for something like twenty years and don't remember it clearly enough to make any useful comparisons between it and the present play.

Under the circumstances, perhaps a journalistic approach is wiser. Insofar as it can be said to focus on anything, then, the play deals with a young student in St. Petersburg, in 1860, who murders an elderly female pawnbroker and her sister. His motives, at least on the stage, are never made precisely clear. In the beginning, it seems that his crime is altruistic: the execution of a worthless person (the sister's death is accidental) in order that several others, specifically a consumptive widow and her two children, may be saved from starvation. Later and rather abruptly, however, we are told that he is suffering from a kind of megalomania: he thinks of himself as an atheistic superman, immune to remorse as well as punishment. Anyway, he kills the women with an axe, and justice, in the shape of a genial but inexorable police officer, closes slowly in on him until, in the end, he is driven to a public confession and, through the love of a noble prostitute, to a spiritual regeneration that probably didn't seem as incredibly banal in 1866, when the book was written, as it does now, when noble prostitutes are apt to be received a little cynically in the theatre.

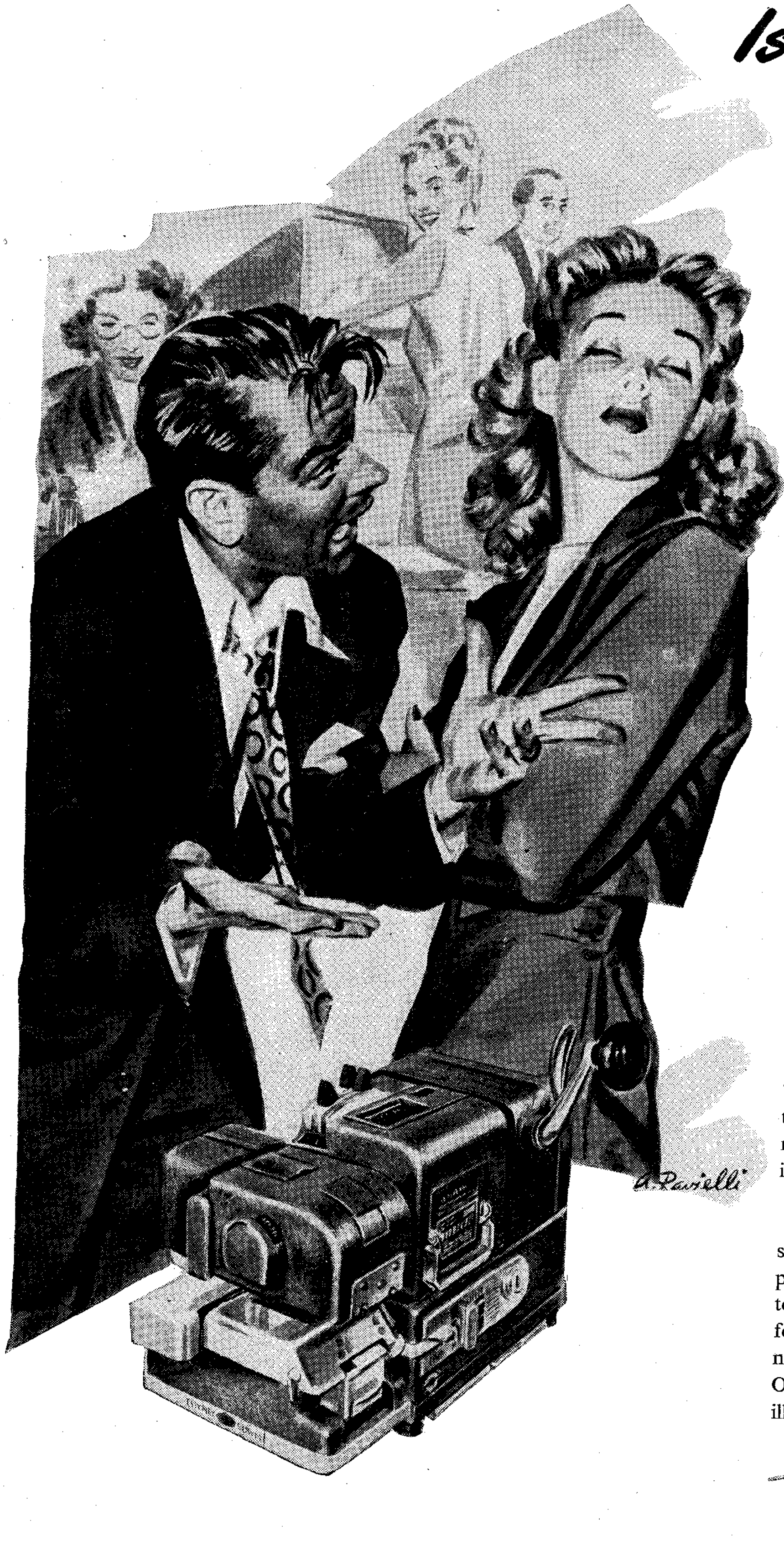
This is what you might call the active part of the play, though several fairly complicated sub-plots distract us from it now and then. The rest is background, a crowded, brawling canvas filled with drunkards, political fanatics, decayed aristocrats, consumptives, madams, old soldiers, Czarist bureaucrats—in short, every type you ever saw in a Russian play in your life. Sometimes, I suppose, all these elements compose themselves into grotesque but effective scenes, but more often, it seems to me, so many indomitably picturesque people, so many amazingly characterlike characters, are apt to give you only a peculiar feeling of attending a fancy-dress ball in a rather tiresome nightmare.

I am almost as much at a loss about the performances and direction at the National as I am about the play. John Gielgud, in the principal part, has been costumed exactly like Tenniel's Mad Hatter in "Alice," except for the absence of a price tag in his high hat, and



"HIGH BUTTON SHOES"

The stylish singer in this picture is Nanette Fabray, and the shady operators hemming her in are, left and right, Phil Silvers and Joey Faye. The little figures at the top are engaged in Jerome Robbins' Mack Sennett ballet, probably the funniest thing in the musical at the Shubert.



Is it always illegal TO KILL A WOMAN?

For six months I bend the ears of the home office to get a postage meter. I win . . . Then the only good, fast, honest-to-Gregg steno I got, this redhead Morissey—balks at a postage meter!

"I have no mechanical aptitude. Machines mix me up, kind of," she says. As if we asked her to fly a P-80. I almost blow my top.

This postage meter, I explain, is modern, more efficient, a time saver . . . No more adhesive stamps. No stamp box, and who's got the key? No running out of stamps you need. No scrounging. No stamp sticking. Just set the lever for any kind of stamp you want, for any kind of mail, and the meter prints the stamp right on the envelope with a dated postmark—and it seals the flap at the same time. Far faster than mailing by hand. Prints stamps on the tape for parcel post. Will handle anything we have to mail out of this office. Even keeps its own records!

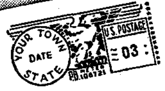
And metered mail needs no postmarking and cancelling in the postoffice, gets going earlier. It is practically heaven's gift to the working girl . . . and so on. But with the Morissey, no soap.

I try diplomacy. "Miss Morissey, I want you person'lly to try it for two weeks. If you don't like it then—back it goes to the factory! I depend on your judgment implicitly. Okay?" ... She acts like an early Christian about to be lunch for a lion, but gives in.

So help me—two weeks later she has a big pink bow on the handle of the postage meter—like it was an orchid or something. I give it the gape.

"Kinda cute, ain't it," says Miss Morissey. "But a very efficient machine, Mr. Jones. Now the mail is out early enough so I get to the girls' room in time to hear all of the dirt" . . . I wonder is it always illegal to kill a woman!

We are always learning some new advantages of the postage meter. If you'd like to learn what one could do for your office, call the nearest Pitney-Bowes office. Or write direct for an illustrated booklet.



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RODGERS and HAMMERSTEIN
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"HILARITY IN PLENTY."
—*Barnes, Herald Tribune*
JOHN LOVES MARY
The Gay Comedy by **NORMAN KRASNA**
Directed by **MR. LOGAN**
MUSIC BOX Thea., 45 St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:40 • Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"MASTERFUL . . . ENTRANCING."
—*Hawkins, World-Telegram*
HELEN HAYES
in the Comedy Hit
"*Happy Birthday*"
by **ANITA LOOS**
Directed by **JOSHUA LOGAN**
BROADHURST THEA., 44 St. W. of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:40

"A SMASH HIT."—*Life*
ETHEL MERMAN
In The Musical Smash
"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"
Music and Lyrics by **IRVING BERLIN**
Book by **HERBERT** *and* **DOROTHY FIELDS**
with **RAY MIDDLETON**
Directed by **JOSHUA LOGAN**
IMPERIAL THEA., 45 St. West of B'way
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ATLANTIS PRODUCTIONS
The Theatre Guild • H. M. Tennent Ltd.
John C. Wilson
present
The Winslow Boy
A New Play by TERENCE RATTIGAN
ALAN WEBB
MADGE COMPTON • BETTY SINCLAIR
GEORGE BENSON • MICHAEL KINGSLEY
VALERIE WHITE
MICHAEL NEWELL • OWEN HOLDER
DOROTHY HAMILTON • LEONARD MICHELL
FRANK ALLENBY
Directed by GLEN BYAM SHAW
Decor by MICHAEL WEIGHT
EMPIRE THEATRE, 40th St. & Broadway
Evgs. at 8:40. MATS Thurs. & Sat. at 2:40

"A Young Man's Fancy"
"EACH TIME I SEE IT, I laugh longer and louder! 1st rate-keen fun!"—*Robt. Garland, Jrl.-Amer.*
CORT THEATRE 48th St.

"HERE'S A HAPPY HIT."—*Garland, Jl. Am.*
THE Hartmans
in The Smash Musical Revue
ANGEL IN THE WINGS
CORONET Thea., W. 49 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

his behavior, alternating long cataleptic trances with periods of wild hilarity, may also be a bit more deranged than is strictly necessary. Lillian Gish, as a broken aristocrat in the last stages of consumption, has a part that unites all the more taxing features of Ophelia, Camille, and the heroine of "A Streetcar Named Desire," and I think she does as well as anybody could with this almost impossible combination of the tragic and ludicrous. Dolly Haas, as the high-minded harlot, has, of course, been asked to cope with about the dreariest of all theatrical clichés, and if she seems a little monotonous, it probably isn't altogether her fault. Vladimir Sokoloff, as the hero's nemesis, has what struck me as the only intentionally amusing lines in the play, and he delivers them with a pleasantly sinister urbanity. And Sanford Meisner, intrusted with a dream of a role of a man who starves and debauches his children to buy vodka, gives it his vehement best. The others—there are no less than forty-three in the cast—include E. A. Krumschmidt, Alice John, Alexander Scourby, and Richard Purdy. They all have their doomed, Muscovite charm, and so has Paul Sherriff's cavernous set.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

Dear Sir:

Reference is made to your recent letter addressed to this Commission in the matter of the delay to train #194 on the night of November 6, 1947.

Records of the Long Island Rail Road Company show that on the night of November 6th the delay to train #194 was not caused by handling mail at Jamaica but was the result of the late arrival at Jamaica of the New York connection for train #194.

This delay was due to train #2702 being delayed by trouble with train #883 at New York which prevented the inbound crew from reaching New York early enough to leave on train #2702.—*Letter from the Long Island Rail Road to a commuter.*

Some long-standing feud, probably.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

NEWARK, N.J. Dec. 4—Members of Newark's Police Missing Persons Bureau are searching for John J. Jones, 14 years old, who disappeared Monday from his home at 127 South Orange Avenue. If they fail to find him it will not be because he bears too close a resemblance to the average boy. For his age, the youth's appearance is as uncommon as his name is familiar.

THEATRE GUILD PRODUCTIONS
A New Musical Play
ALLEGRO
Music by **RICHARD RODGERS**
Book & Lyrics by **OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d**
Entire Production staged by **AGNES de MILLE**
MAJESTIC Thea., W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

INA CLAIRE
In a Gay Comedy by **GEORGE KELLY**
THE FATAL WEAKNESS
Week of January 5th
METROPOLITAN Theatre, Seattle

OKLAHOMA!
Based on Lynn Riggs' "Green Grow the Lilacs"
Music by **RICHARD RODGERS**
Book & Lyrics by **OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d**
Directed by **ROUBEN MAMOULIAN**
Dances by **AGNES de MILLE**
ST. JAMES Thea., W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

THE NATIONAL COMPANY OF
OKLAHOMA!
Week Jan. 5—PARK Thea., Youngstown
Week Jan. 12—COLONIAL Thea., Akron

THE LONDON COMPANY OF
OKLAHOMA!
LONDON—THEATRE ROYAL, Drury Lane

S. N. BEHRMAN'S New Comedy
JANE
Based on a story by **SOMERSET MAUGHAM**
ON TOUR—ENGLAND

CAROUSEL
Music by **RICHARD RODGERS**
Book & Lyrics by **OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d**
Directed by **ROUBEN MAMOULIAN**
Dances by **AGNES de MILLE**
Weeks of Jan. 5, 12 & 19
NATIONAL Theatre, Washington

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An Inspector Calls
A New Play
by J. B. Priestley
with MELVILLE COOPER *and*
Doris LLOYD • Rene RAY • John BUCKMASTER
Directed by CEDRIC HARDWICKE
BOOTH THEATRE 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. 2:40

"A SONG-AND-DANDY. Gayer than a Mardi Gras."—WALTER WINCHELL
HIGH BUTTON SHOES
SHUBERT Thea., 44th St. W. of B'way.
Ev'gs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"Eloquent, fresh and surprising humor"
—GIBBS, The New Yorker
BROCK PEMBERTON *presents*
FRANK FAY in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by **MARY CHASE**
"HARVEY"
with **JOSEPHINE HULL**
Directed by **ANTOINETTE PERRY**
48TH ST. Thea., E. of B'y. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

BROCK PEMBERTON *presents*
JOE E. BROWN in
The Pulitzer Prize Play by **MARY CHASE**
"HARVEY"
with **MARION LORNE**
Directed by **ANTOINETTE PERRY**
Playing KANSAS CITY—Week Ending Jan. 10

LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 23

ANYONE newly arrived in this country would have a hard job discovering how things are really shaping up for the British. At the moment, even the Britons themselves have every excuse for feeling a trifle bewildered by the conflict of voices saying that the outlook is getting better and that it is shortly going to be much worse. Mr. Herbert Morrison, possibly the most astute member of the Government at putting over a fireside chat, recently made a broadcast in which he spoke of the nation as rounding "recovery corner." Sir Stafford Cripps, in his economic survey last week, was cautiously cheerful about home production figures but could give only a grim forecast of the way British finances will look next year. The Archbishop of York has said that Britain must prepare to face something pretty close to starvation. Mr. Strachey has doubled the one-ounce bacon ration. To the citizen trying to make sense out of all this, the most reassuring news is that the current record coal figures have been too steadily maintained to be put down entirely to the miners' wish to earn a bit of extra spending money for Christmas. Also, it is still a mild winter, which is a piece of fine news in itself.

The press does not provide much guidance to the state of Britain's national health, either. In contrast to the sober diagnoses of such journals as the *Times* and the Manchester *Guardian*, many of the popular dailies appear to have decided to throw away the thermometer and see what telling the patient he is better will do. The Liberal *News Chronicle*, for instance, has launched a "Talk Success" campaign, and plasters its front page every morning with stories of individual workers who are doing a particularly good job—miners who break the output record for their pits, housewives who somehow manage to last out the shopping queues and take a part-time turn at the looms as well, and so on. The *News Chronicle's* cartoonist stumbled under the burden of so much determined cheerfulness the other day and drew two little Britons running for their lives from a sinister falling bomb labelled "atom." In the background of the picture was a large poster urging "Talk Success."

No newspaper tried to make the public feel even faintly jolly about the recent Government announcement that all able-bodied civilians were likely to be enrolled in any future scheme for home defense against atomic warfare. No matter how other parts of the world are talking, there has been up to now almost no discussion here of the possibility of a further catastrophe in our time. After the Foreign Ministers' Conference dissolved into the damp, gray London air, there was the same cautious absence of comment, maybe because the outcome had been gloomily expected all along. The only cheering thing to emerge from the conference was Mr. Marshall's immense personal success with the British public. He seems to have inspired more confidence, and even affection, than any other American since Roosevelt.

HOWEVER dimly the seasonal star may be twinkling in the sky, Christmas has brought the usual rush of shoppers hunting for something that will not use up their precious clothing coupons. For the first time in years, there are beautiful, well-made things in the windows, but the prices are so steep that only a few are likely to find them in their stockings. Handsome, if costly, examples of British craftsmanship in leather, for instance, are once more to be found in the small specialty shops around Bond Street and the Burlington Arcade. As for Christmas cheer, the liquor stores are stocked with most things except those wines and spirits imported and price-controlled by the Government; there is a drought of Scotch at any price. In the country, farmers have been sitting up with shotguns to keep their turkeys safe from the black-marketeers with waiting trucks, and the cars of innocent citizens out late on legitimate business have been stopped and searched by policemen looking for bundles with drumsticks poking out.

The huge Bertram Mills Circus and the annual crop of pantomimes have turned up in town, and the usual hordes of kids will be packing in to see them now that the infantile-paralysis scare, which earlier in the year caused many schools to forbid such public junketings, is subsiding. The best Christmas treat offered to adult Londoners is the magnificent show of a hundred and seventy-eight van Gogh paintings and

ROBERT WHITEHEAD & OLIVER REA present
Two Dramatic Smash Hits
"A MEMORABLE HIT!"—Life Magazine
JUDITH ANDERSON · DENNIS KING · FLORENCE REED
in "MEDEA"
Adapted by ROBINSON JEFFERS
Staged by JOHN GIELGUD
ROYALE, 45 St. W. of B'y. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"Imaginative, Flaring Drama"—Atkinson, Times
JOHN GIELGUD
as Raskolnikoff in Dostoyevsky's
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT
Dramatized by RODNEY ACKLAND
with LILLIAN GISH
VLADIMIR SOKOLOFF
and DOLLY HAAS
Directed by THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY
Associate Producer, BEA LAWRENCE
NATIONAL, 41 St. W. of B'y. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"A SUPERB DRAMA"
Atkinson, Times
IRENE M. SELZNICK presents
A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE
A New Play by
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
Directed by ELIA KAZAN
BARRYMORE, W. 47 St., Mats. Wed. & Sat.

MAX GORDON
presents
BORN YESTERDAY
The Nation's Laugh Hit!
by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM Thea. 45 St. E. of B'way

"I RECOMMEND IT HEARTILY."
Wolcott Gibbs, The New Yorker
FRED F. FINKLEHOFFE presents
Basil RATHBONE · Wendy HILLER
"The Heiress"
by Ruth and Augustus Goetz
with Patricia COLLINGE
Production by JED HARRIS
BILTMORE, W. 47 ST. MATS. WED. & SAT.

KATHARINE CORNELL GODFREY TEARLE
ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA
by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
with KENT SMITH
LENORE ULRIC—RALPH CLANTON
MARTIN BECK, W. 45. Evs. 8:15. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

2 SHOWS SUNDAY, 2:40 & 8:40—LAST WEEKS
MELVYN DOUGLAS & HERMAN LEVIN present
CALL ME MISTER
The Nation's Top Musical Revue
Music and Lyrics by HAROLD J. ROME
Sketches by ARNOLD AUERBACH
Production directed by ROBERT H. GORDON
PLYMOUTH 45 St. W. of B'way. Mats. Sat. & Sun.

ALLEGRO*
"A GREAT MUSICAL PIECE. The musical score by Richard Rodgers is superb. Oscar Hammerstein II has done a brilliant job on the book and lyrics . . . Line at box office for 'Allegro' forms at right."
—FREEDLEY, MORNING TELEGRAPH
*TENTH IN A SERIES OF N. Y. DRAMATIC CRITICS' PRAISE OF "ALLEGRO" AT THE MAJESTIC THEATRE

"TOPS IN TOON—SCOTCH AND SO-DA-LIGHTFUL."—Walter Winchell
CHERYL CRAWFORD presents A NEW MUSICAL
BRIGADOON
Book and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
with
DAVID BROOKS • MARION BELL • PAMELA BRITTON
LEE SULLIVAN • GEORGE KEANE
WILLIAM HANSEN • JAMES MITCHELL
Dances by AGNES de MILLE • Staged by ROBERT LEWIS
Scenery by OLIVER SMITH • Costumes by DAVID FFOLKES
ZIEGFELD Thea. 6th Ave & 54th St, Eves 8:30; Mats Thurs & Sat 2:30

A ROMANTIC MUSICAL PLAY with Melodies of TCHAIKOVSKY
Music IN MY Heart
Staged by HASSARD SHORT
ADELPHI Thea., 54th Street East of B'way
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. and SAT. 2:30

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introduces a brilliant young actress in June Lockhart. She's the brightest American ingenue to hit Broadway since Margaret Sullavan made her exciting debut."
—MOREHOUSE, Sun
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HENRY MILLER'S, W. 43 St. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"THE WITTIEST PLAY IN TOWN"-Atkinson, Times
MAURICE EVANS
in GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S COMEDY
MAN AND SUPERMAN
ALVIN Thea., 52nd St. W. of B'way. CI 5-5226
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat., 2:30

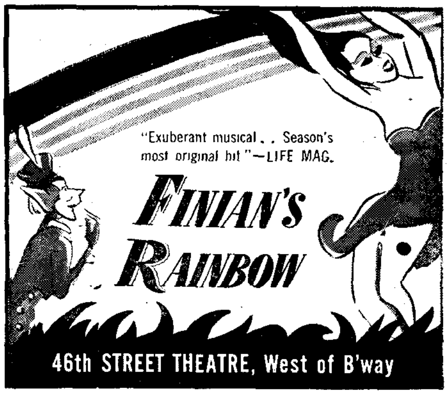
JEAN DALRYMPLE presents
BERT LAHR
in THE FAMOUS COMEDY HIT
BURLESQUE
BELASCO Theatre 44th St. E. of B'way
Eves. incl. Sunday 8:40, Mats Sat. & Sun.

"A DIRECT HIT!"—Walter Winchell
PAUL KELLY in
COMMAND DECISION
with JAY FASSETT PAUL McGRATH
FULTON, W. 46th St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40.

drawings at the Tate Gallery. (This classical building, facing the gray, wintry Thames, is now adorned with an unclassical but useful little garden of Brussels sprouts and cabbages.) The show, organized by the excellent Arts Council of Great Britain, will go to Birmingham and Glasgow after it leaves the Tate. All the best-known masterpieces are there—the sunflowers, the postman, the boots, the artist with the missing ear. Possibly the most interesting exhibits are the less familiar drawings, particularly some wonderful landscapes. The pictures are arranged chronologically, beginning with van Gogh's early studies of the infinitely sad-faced poor, and ending with his last canvas, painted shortly before his suicide, of black, winged shapes flapping home beneath a lurid sky. The other afternoon, the biggest group of visitors was gathered—maybe because the title struck a highly topical note in their minds—around the early piece entitled "The Potato Eaters."

Enormous queues, mostly of women, are to be seen daily, even in extremely discouraging weather, patiently winding around the dirty red brick walls of St. James' Palace and halfway down the Mall, waiting to get a look at Princess Elizabeth's wedding dress and presents, which are on view at St. James'. The size and determination of these crowds are amazing. Lots of the women are up for the day from all parts of the country, and they frequently stand for three or four hours, only to arrive at the doors just as the exhibition closes. In view of the extraordinary demonstration of devotion to the monarchy that the wedding aroused here, it is not surprising that the squabble in the House of Commons over the income that the Princess and her husband are to receive has been most unpopular on all sides—even among the Left Wing journals, which came forth handsomely and declared that, austerity or not, this was no place for cheeseparing.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY has just bowed to the times and admitted women to full university status. If another movement now under way is successful, Englishwomen may become eligible for high honors in a still more jealously guarded masculine sphere. In the train of the recent rumpus over curtailing the power of the House of Lords, many well-known people are supporting a campaign to extend that power to the noble ladies. There are twenty-four peeresses in their own right in England—that is to say, daughters who have



"Exuberant musical. . Season's most original hit"—LIFE MAG.
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46th STREET THEATRE, West of B'way

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D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY
OF LONDON
in GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS
Week Beginning Dec. 29 . . . . "THE MIKADO"
Jan. 5 . . "TRIAL BY JURY" & "THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE"
CENTURY Theatre, 7th Avenue at 59th St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat. & Jan. 1 (No Mat. Dec. 31)

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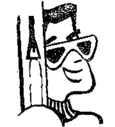

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been permitted by special royal warrant to call themselves by the title that would have passed to their father's male heir if one had existed. A petition has lately been presented to the House of Lords that, in the customary antique, formal language of such documents, "sheweth that there are no women who have seat, place, or voice in the Peers' House of Parliament in order to put forward [among other things] the women's point of view for the guidance and assistance of your Lordships in your most solemn deliberations." It contends that because of this omission "divers great grievances remain unredressed." All sorts of women, in every branch of professional life, have signed the petition, including Viscountess Rhondda (one of the peeresses in question and the energetic editor of the weekly *Time & Tide*); the Mistress of Girton College, Cambridge; the Principal of Newnham College, Cambridge; Dame Sybil Thorndyke; and Miss Rebecca West. The interesting innovation that the petition urges is that in the future any outstandingly brilliant woman be treated exactly as though she were a brilliant man and be given a title for public services in the usual Honors Lists. This would enable her to take a seat in the House of Lords, the last outpost of undisturbed masculinity. The chances that a Socialist House of Commons will favor such a scheme are doubtful. A comic footnote to the British liberalism of outlook was that the most Left Wing woman M.P., when canvassed for her views on the subject, came out, with feminist, non-party warmth, on the side of letting in the peeresses.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Non-realistic painting becomes manifest when it meets with its source spring nature. The elements of modern painting continue the life form of the geographic world. Thus, Seashore Gallery is inaugerated with the best in modern west-coast painting shown in one of California's oldest historic gardens. Color and nature make this revery-revelery of which the true artist is always aware. Without this spirit no art is alive.—*Catalogue of an art gallery in Sausalito, Calif.*

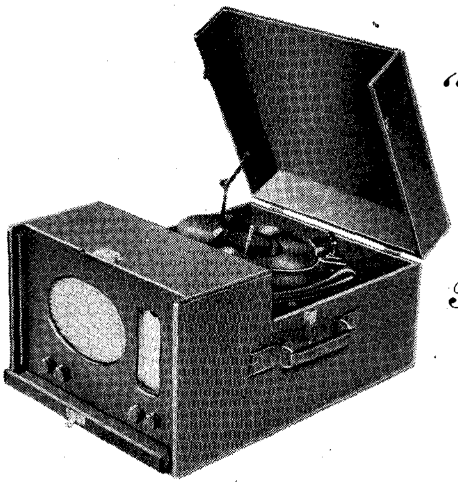
Nor would California last twenty minutes.

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*Quentin Reynolds in "The Curtain Rises," published in March, 1944*]

I said good-bye to Russia, leaving the country with high faith in her destiny and with the conviction that when the war is over Stalin will be very easy for us to do business with.



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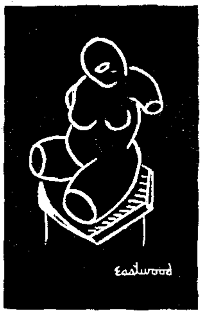
THE ART GALLERIES

New Ideas

STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER, now showing at Durand-Ruel, is a member of a small but increasingly important group of contemporary American painters that includes such men as Robert Motherwell, Jackson Pollock, Hans Hofmann, William Baziotes, and Arshile Gorky. The group is completely unorganized; there are wide stylistic differences between its members, and since some of the men—notably Motherwell and Hayter—are extremely explicit and articulate about their own special artistic theories, they may well resent being lumped together in this way. But they are alike in that their method is rooted in the abstract and overlaid by Expressionist coloration and compositional freedom, and since Hayter was, in a sense, one of the founders of the movement, I think his work may fairly be considered typical.



Most people, myself included, frequently find what these men turn out difficult to understand. We are by now used to traditional abstract painting, which, as nearly everyone knows, strives to limit itself to depicting the "essentials" of the object, lays great emphasis on "flat-pattern," or two-dimensional, composition, and is characterized by rather rigid and austere design. One stumbling block in the way of our comprehension of the new manner is that despite its superficial adherence to abstract philosophy (it does at least try to confine itself to pictorial essentials) it ignores both the other conventions. Hayter's painting, far from being austere, is almost wildly emotional, and his design is full of whirling, elliptical exuberance; and, instead of eschewing the three-dimensional, in two of his paintings in the show, "Paysage" and "Victime" (for some reason he has chosen to put all his titles in French), he has attempted, and I think successfully, to suggest perspective by means of color gradations and other devices.

What Hayter, like the rest of his group, seems to be reaching for is a more fluent and more emotional abstraction, and if one accepts this as his purpose, his work becomes far easier to understand. There are faults in his work, some of which appear to me to be inherent in the method, but the method has advantages that, properly developed, could give his painting great value. Among these faults must be listed the simple one of incomplete communication. We don't fully see through Hayter's work, and though this is without doubt partly because we are confronted by a new method, with few ready-to-hand clues to an understanding, I think some of the trouble is due to a kind of carelessness about his approach to his subjects.

Too often, in the structure of his canvases, design comes first and meaning afterward. It is as if he began with a series of sketchy outlines whose symmetry had attracted him and, later on, tried to convert them into a purposeful pattern. This species of semi-automatic drawing has its uses in the extremer forms of Surrealism, but in Hayter's work, which depends more on orderliness, it often leads to a certain amount of confusion. Only now and then, as in "Victime" and "Nageuses," does the idea seem to be an integral part of the execution. In other paintings, such as "Danseuse du Soleil" (a wonderfully gay and sunny little canvas) and "Combat de Homards," it appears simply as a happy accident, and when, in still other works, the meaning is subservient to the forms, the result is an emptiness that is all the more glaring because of the busyness of the expression.

The advantages of the method mainly have to do with movement and the emotional suggestions that can thus be imposed on the older, more static styles of abstraction. This is accomplished at the expense of formal dignity, but a good deal of strength is added to the work. Hayter's painting is full of movement, and he displays considerable vigor and daring in the handling of his whirling patterns. As I have said, he shows no concern for the traditional rules of abstraction. In "Victime," a trenchant canvas, the foreground is occupied by a loosely drawn but largely representational figure of a wounded man, while the rest of the picture, a sort of battleground of darting reds and yellows, is wholly abstract; in paintings such as his "Deux Femmes Assises" and "Femme Couchée," he again manages to combine the two usually incompatible techniques with effective results.

Hayter has used color adroitly and with much better judgment than in his earlier work, in which it often interfered with the design, instead of, as now, reinforcing it. By and large, this is a much better exhibition than any of his previous ones. Hayter, as you probably know, started out as an etcher, and though his early training undoubtedly contributed to his perfection of line (it would be hard to beat the sheer brilliance of draftsmanship displayed in this collection), it also tended at first to make his oils look rather dry and shallow. The new canvases have depth and strength, and despite their occasional obscurities they are quite powerful.

SURREALISM, so far, in the official version, has been a fairly excitable method, depending on "hypnogogic" influences, dream suggestions, and other random motivations for its subject matter. I have always felt that the American approach to the method, or what I call "controlled metaphor," is better, and I was interested to see that Harry Sternberg, now on exhibition at the A.C.A., has been making a few explorations. His new method represents a conscious application of Freudian symbolism to Surrealist practice, and it seems to me that in most of the ten pictures he is showing he has succeeded admirably. The common theme is insecurity, certainly nowadays our most prevalent state of mind, and though at times (as in "Insecurity—Economic") he falls into a muralesque style that is a trifle too grandiose for his material and, again—perhaps when trying too hard for vividness—into something close to the quirky casualness of the cartoon, in the main his choice of symbols is remarkably apt and his handling of them sound and sensitive. I liked best his "Insecurity—Love" and "Insecurity—Superstition," paintings that show great compositional dexterity as well as emotional impact. "Insecurity—Human Relations," in which the various persons view each other through blocks of ice, and "Insecurity—Family" are good paintings, too. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

"50 Chansons de France," published by Frances Forever, 120 W. 50th St., New York City, will make charming gifts, as well as helping the cause of cementing French-American ties.—*The Churchman.*

Probably help Frances, too.

•

INFLATION IS HERE DEPARTMENT

[*From the Indianapolis Times*]

Use a piece of garden hose, burlap or a roll of currency to protect the tender bark of the trees from the sharp wire.

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HOTEL BERMUDIANA
Reopens January 15th

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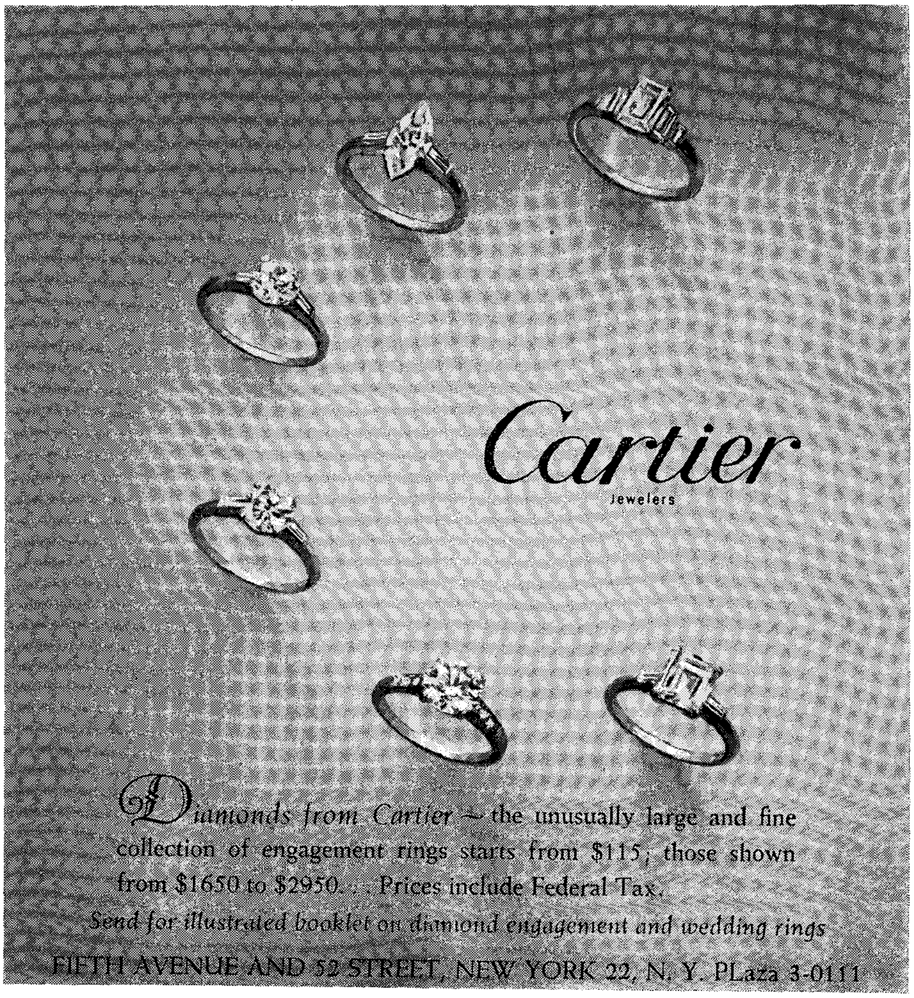

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THE WAYWARD PRESS

THE M.B.I.

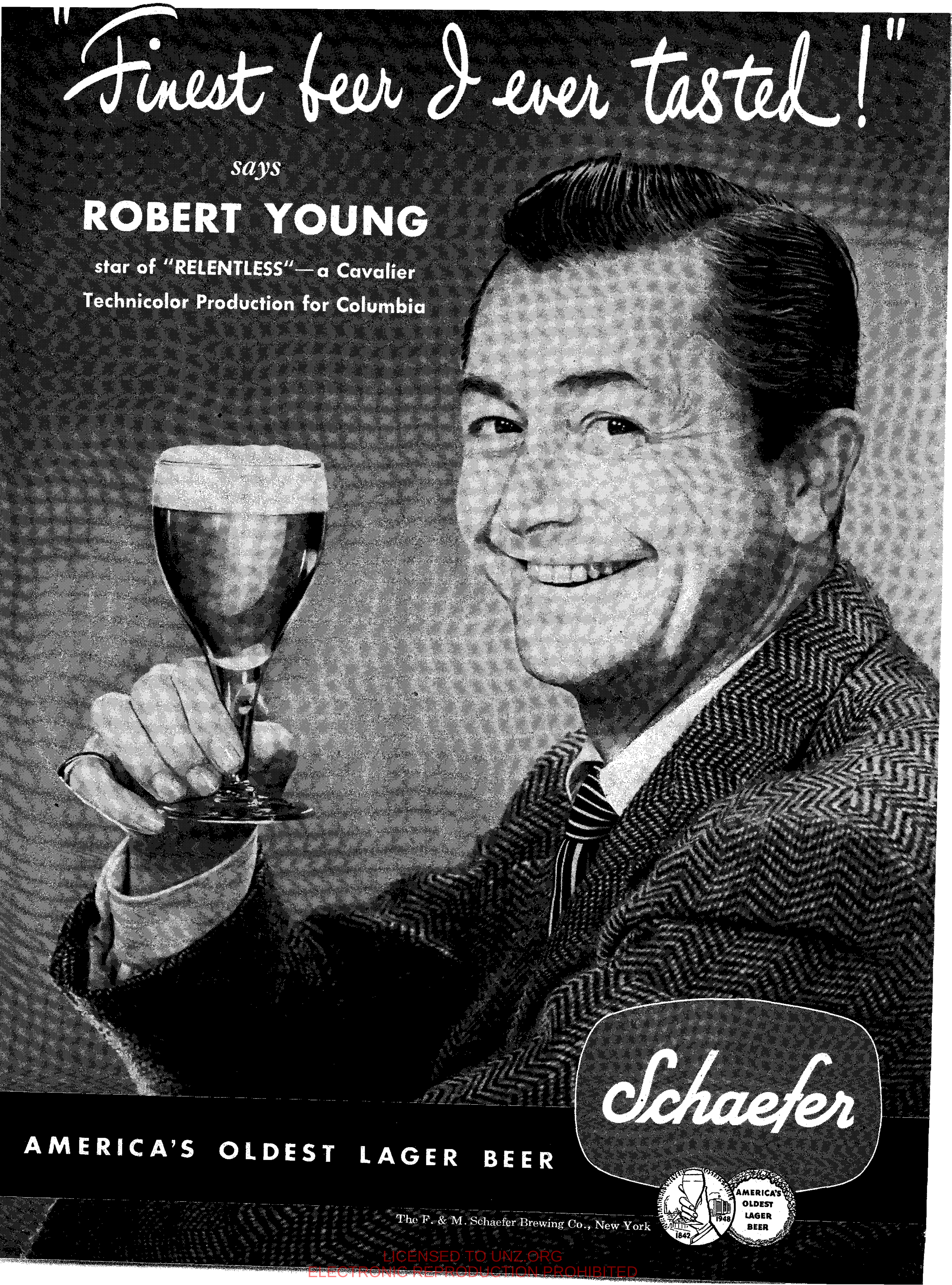
A COUPLE of months ago, I had occasion to subscribe to twenty out-of-town newspapers, and the copies have been piling up in my office ever since. Though depressed at encountering the same syndicated features in one paper after another, I sometimes read four or five of these papers at a stretch when I have nothing better to do, and even when I have. It is like eating pistachio nuts from the shell—unrewarding but hard to stop once you have begun. I'm not really interested, for example, in why the editor of the Portland *Oregonian* gave a first-page play, with photographs, on November 7th to a story, datelined Hollywood, naming the ten most eligible bachelors in America, as selected in a poll of women dancing teachers throughout the country. Nor do I especially care why the editor of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* chose for his first page on October 9th a story about a man in Pittsburgh who had been tube-fed for twenty-six years and was now about to eat normally. Nevertheless, I moon about such matters. I took a livelier interest in a brief item in the Atlanta *Constitution* headed "Visits Husband, Throat Is Cut," about a woman named Mrs. Seay, in Thomaston, Georgia, who went to see her husband in the Upson County jail. "They were left to talk with jail bars separating them," the story says. "Sometime later Mrs. Seay screamed. . . . Fifteen stitches were taken in her throat and twenty in her arm at a local hospital. An attending physician said that although Mrs. Seay's condition was serious he believed she had a chance to recover." It interested me that the *Constitution* didn't say how the husband got the knife, or whether knives are standard equipment for prisoners in Georgia jails, or how he got the blade through the bars and into position for such a long slash. The city editor of the *Constitution* seems to be blessed with plenty of good homicides; this gives his paper a certain special flavor. When I read papers from less favored regions, I sometimes have to look up at the masthead to remind myself which one I am reading.

LOOKING at the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* for November 14th, I found my attention caught by a story on the first page about something odd that was happening in the neighboring state of Mississippi, which the *Times-Picayune* considers to be in its circulation territory. The headline said:

POLICE POWERS
GRANTED WRIGHT
WHITTINGTON CHARGES FORCE
WOULD BE "GESTAPO"

I suppose "Gestapo" was the word that nailed me; we have all grown sensitive recently to stories about secret-police forces. The story, signed by W. F. Minor, a *Times-Picayune* correspondent, began, "Over some protests of 'Gestapo' in both houses, the Mississippi Legislature today gave final passage to a far-reaching measure granting the Governor police power through investigators to suppress violence." Not having the least suspicion that Mississippi was having more than the usual amount of violence, I read on with some curiosity. "The legislation, key measure of seven bills presented to the extraordinary session which was convened Wednesday," the story continued, "was the outgrowth of recurring incidents of violence which have accompanied a six-month-old strike of drivers of the Southern (Trailways) Bus lines." Now, in any of the states in which I have resided long enough to learn local customs, a strike sufficiently bad to cause the governor to call a special session of the legislature to cope with it would be an impressive event, and I wondered why I had not read anything about this Mississippi rebellion before. I decided that I must have seen earlier stories in the New York papers but that I avoided reading them because of my resistance to any Southern dateline, and that I had forgotten that I had seen the headlines.

The police power that the legislature at Jackson had granted the Governor empowered him to create an organization that did not appear to be exactly like any state force with which I was familiar. It was to consist of investigators, appointed by and known only to him, who would have the power "to investigate and make arrests in crimes of violence or intimidation." "Regular" investigators were to post bonds of twenty-five hundred dollars with the Governor, Fielding L. Wright, and the Governor might also name any temporary, unbonded investigator he pleased. Among the six other proposed bills was one making it a jail offense for two or more persons to conspire to interfere with the operation of a transit line. Another made it a crime punishable by death to place a bomb in a bus, truck, or filling station, whether anybody was killed or not. Still another proposed a penalty of as much as five years in the penitentiary for anybody who had in his possession "dynamite caps, fuses, detonators, dynamite, nitroglycerine, explosive gas, or stink bombs," unless he was conducting a lawful business. After a moment's speculation about what lawful business stink bombs



"Finest beer I ever tasted!"

says

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50 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH
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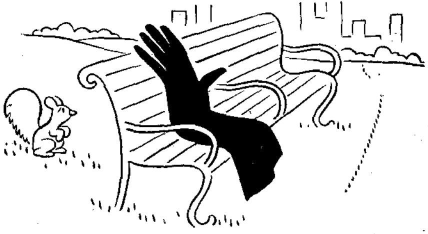
LOST AND FOUND
LOST: Near 60th Street entrance to Central Park, the left hand to my favorite pair of **dawnelle** gloves along with one of my New Year's resolutions. Essential I recover glove! BOX 21.


P. S You'll find **dawnelles** *at your favorite local store*

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could be employed in, I decided that a law making the mere possession of dynamite prima-facie evidence of felonious intent was a stiff bit of legislation. My concern was evidently shared by some of the Mississippi legislators. Senator Luther A. Whittington, of Natchez, had asked, "Isn't this the same kind of law which dictators of Europe started and then began terrorizing the people with a secret police or Gestapo?"

I read on, eager for a hint of the horrendous doings that had led Governor Wright to ask such powers and the legislature to grant them. I recalled that Huey Long had once called the legislature of the *Times-Picayune's* home state into special session to clothe himself with unusual powers, but the troubles preceding this event had had a considerable notoriety in the nation's press. It was difficult to believe that even such a superficial reader of newspapers as I could have missed all reference in the metropolitan dailies to what struck me—and, apparently, the editor of the *Times-Picayune*—as an important story. So I set a young man who occasionally helps me to checking through the New York newspapers for November to see if there were any stories on the Mississippi special session or on a notably violent strike preceding it. Meanwhile, I dived into the great mounds of nearly identical provincial newspapers that are gradually walling in my desk in search of the *Times-Picayune* for the few days before and after November 14th. The *Times-Picayune* of November 8th had a first-page story by Mr. Minor about an announcement Governor Wright had made to the effect that he would call a special session to ask "broader power and additional laws" to deal with the strike. The story also said that a brick had been thrown into the waiting room of a bus station and that a bus had been shot into but no one had been hit. I further learned that Mississippi already had a State Highway Patrol. An Associated Press dispatch run as a shirttail to the special story informed me that the striking union was the Amalgamated Association of Street Car, Railway, and Motor Coach Employees of America, A.F.L., and that the strike had been on since May 20th, when the company's contract with the union had expired. The *Times-Picayune* of November 12th said that Governor Wright had called the session on the ground that "the laws of the State had been trampled upon." A couple of legislators named Henley and Shanks had asked the Governor, "Is the legislature going to be convened every time there is a strike?" The *Times-Picayune* of November 13th carried a story on the Governor's specific legislative requests. It indicated that the members of the secret special force, to be called the Mississippi Bureau of Investigation, were to have the right to arrest without warrant any person whom they suspected of intent to interfere with a bus line, and to search him. The M.B.I. was to be provided with arms by the Governor.

The *Times-Picayune* of November 15th had a two-column story, again on the front page and again by Minor, summing up the legislation passed. Out of seven emergency bills introduced during the session, only one had not been enacted—a bill that would have made it a penal offense for two or more persons to conspire to intimidate anybody engaged in a lawful occupation of *any* kind. A bill making it a penal offense to conspire to intimidate an employee of a bus company had become law, as had bills to establish and pay the M.B.I., to set a penalty of up to five years in prison for flinging a stone at a bus, to make possession of dynamite prima-facie evidence of a crime, and to empower a judge to impose the death penalty on anybody convicted of placing a bomb in a "building, ship, vessel, boat, railroad station, train, bus station or depot, bus, truck or other vehicle, gas and oil stations and pipe lines, radio station or radio equipment or other public utilities." It seemed to me that this kind of legislation deserved prominent space in newspapers throughout the country, if only because of the sanguinary anarchy that must have reigned in Mississippi for months to justify anything like it. My state of mind, therefore, verged on astonishment when my file reader reported that in all the New York newspapers from the thirteenth through the sixteenth of November—including the *Daily Worker*, which surely would have welcomed the opportunity to play up this kind of news—he had found only one story about the Mississippi special session. That was a short piece on page 21 of the *Times* of Sunday, November 16th, under the headline "Bill to Curb Labor Fails in Mississippi." The lead said that the legislature had passed "all but one of six measures aimed at ending violence," and I noticed with amusement that the copyreader had based his head on the one bill that failed instead of the five that passed. The *Times* story had a Jackson dateline and was slugged "Special to the New York *Times*." There was

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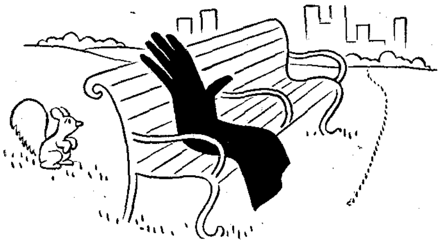
LOST AND FOUND

FOUND: In Central Park, a lonesome, single **dawnelle** glove. "Two in the hand worth one in the bush", so how about walking round the reservoir with me? BOX 16.



P. S. You'll find **dawnelles** *at your favorite local store*

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no mention in it of the death penalty, which I would have thought newsworthy. Theretofore, I had been aware of only four offenses that were punishable by death in the United States: murder (in most states), treason, kidnapping, and (in some Southern states, like Mississippi) rape. These penalties are intended to protect, respectively, human life, the nation's existence, children, and the purity of American women. Now Mississippi had added trucks, buses, and filling stations to this sacred roster. Nor did the *Times* story mention the peculiar character of the Governor's investigating force. Had this same story appeared, even inconspicuously, in other papers, I would have concluded merely that nothing that happened in Bilbo's and Rankin's home state any longer had power to astonish news editors, and that they had just underplayed it. The near-totality of the blackout stumped me.

I considered two possibilities: one, that I had misinterpreted the stories, although I could not understand why, if they really lacked weight, the *Times-Picayune* should have devoted so much space to them; two, that the New York editors had simply never known about the yarn. The *Times* dispatch, a full day late, looked like something ordered from a Jackson correspondent, who had queried them and been told to send a couple of hundred words. Since the United States is presumed to be completely covered by the fine-mesh network of the great press associations, which supposedly keep their members informed of everything important that happens anywhere within its boundaries—such as the selection of the ten bachelors by the woman teachers of dancing, or the man in Pittsburgh with a tube in his stomach—I could scarcely accept the second hypothesis. Just for the hell of it, I called the news and telegraph editors of one New York daily to ask if they remembered seeing the story. They said they had seen nothing. That was not, of course, conclusive. Such a volume of stuff comes in on the press-association machines that nobody can remember it all. Still, a news editor is seldom unaware of a story that is covered on three successive days, as the Mississippi story would have been if the press associations had carried it. My helper phoned the Associated Press to ask what the people there knew about it. The answer was simple and direct: nothing. An official said that they hadn't seen anything of the story in the New York office. Two papers in Jackson, Mississippi, are members of the Associated Press, and so is the *Times-Picayune*,

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THE SKIN
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STIMULATING... MILDLY ASTRINGENT!
HELPS REDUCE LARGE PORES!
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Open until 2 A.M.
Demand Return Engagement!
MARY RAYE
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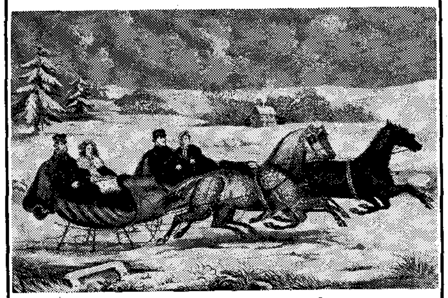
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The OLD PRINT SHOP
Harry Shaw Newman
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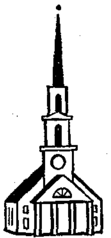
and presumably one or another of them sent out *something* on it, but not all stories put on the wire by Southern members come as far North as this. A news-association editor in Atlanta may decide that a story has only regional importance. An official at the United Press said he thought he remembered seeing the story, but he couldn't swear to it, and it would involve digging through bales of copy to check up on it. He said he didn't think it was worth while. He did ask the U.P. string man in Jackson, who said he had sent out five to six hundred words a day during the session but couldn't say how far up the line his stories had gone. I wired the U.P. bureau chief in Atlanta, but I got no answer. I know that if the story did get to Atlanta, the *Constitution* didn't use it, because I dug up the *Constitution* for the proper dates from my newspaper pile.



To clear up my other doubt—that I had misinterpreted the stories—I sent a wire to Mr. Minor, who, to judge by his stories in the *Times-Picayune*, is a straightforward reporter, asking him to summarize his series for me, give me some of the background of the Governor's emergency call, and tell me what, if anything, had happened in Mississippi since November 14th. I further asked him to send copies of the bills passed at the special session. Minor came through with a confirmation of my interpretation of the *Times-Picayune* stories. "Buses occupied by passengers were being fired on and stoned in various parts of the state," he wired. "No injuries, though. The most important piece of legislation to come out of the session was the creation of a Mississippi Bureau of Investigation. The membership of the M.B.I. is to be kept secret." The death-penalty law against placing bombs in filling stations, Mr. Minor said, amended and continued "a wartime statute that applied to public utilities, radio stations, etc." He continued, "The M.B.I. began organization the day following the adjournment of the legislature under an ex-Army colonel who had been executive officer of the Mississippi National Guard. However, where instances of violence against the Trailways were occurring every few days prior to the enactment of the new laws, not a single such act has been reported since. Down in Hattiesburg, a city of about twenty-eight thousand with a large labor and pro-labor population, three C.I.O. locals ran a full-page advertisement stating that they would pay the legal expenses of the first 'innocent' person arrested by the Bureau of Investigation, all the way up to the Supreme Court. The unions also threw a few accusations at the Governor for setting up such a force when present authorities were adequate to cope with the situation."

The bills arrived in my office a day later. I noticed that each one included a thoughtful section to the effect that "if any word, clause, sentence, paragraph, or section of this act be declared unconstitutional by any court of competent jurisdiction, same shall not affect the remainder of this act, but same shall remain in full force and effect."

THE story of the M.B.I.'s creation and of the establishing of a new crime subject to capital punishment seems to me to have merited space in any American publication pretending to be a newspaper. (The prospect of forty-eight state Bureaus of Investigation, with armed personnel not of public record—a C.B.I. in Connecticut, an N.Y.B.I. here, an R.I.B.I. in Rhode Island—should have given the papers something to think about, too.) If editors the country over had this story in their offices and rejected it in favor of the fluffy wire stuff most of my specimen newspapers are filled with, then the national press is in a low state of health. It has been tube-fed a long time, and, like the man in Pittsburgh, ought to relearn how to chew. If the story never came over the press-association wires to where the editors could see it, or if it came in such feeble form that it could not be properly evaluated, somebody ought to begin mending that fine-mesh news net that the heads of press associations are always bragging about. From where I sit, that net looks more like a toothless rake. —A. J. LIEBLING

•

POESY DEPARTMENT
(ANGLO-SWEDISH DIVISION)

[*From Svenska Dagbladet, Stockholm*]

BOOT ON THE OTHER LEG

Smoothly the wheels of life might turn
For those in houses with oil to burn.
About heating they could feel sure,
Have hot baths to help winter to endure.
Others burning wood or coal or coke
Felt their comfort would go up in smoke.
Doubtful if heating could be maintained,
And from hot baths by the law restrained.
Latest reports, if they speak the truth,
Suggest for the oil-burners 'twill be less
smooth.
On the other leg the boot will seem,
If America should stop the oil stream.
Oil-burners cold in rain or fog;
Other fuels then proving the top dog.

CYRIL MARSHALL.

Before and after the theatre meet your friends in the
★COLUMBIA ROOM
dancing nightly,
except Sunday,
at dinner and supper.
HARRY McDANIEL
and his Orchestra
NO COVER CHARGE
NO MINIMUM
HOTEL ASTOR
TIMES SQUARE
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PETER LIND
HAYES
IN THE COPA'S NEW REVUE
For Dinner at 8 • Then at 12 • Again at 2
MONTE PROSER'S
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OF ALL THINGS

MR. STASSEN complains that the first list of commodity traders issued by Secretary Anderson makes poor reading matter. It is merely a catalogue of businessmen and contains no interesting rank insiders.

•

Italy is receiving congratulations upon becoming a republic for the first time in modern history. A delightful feature of her new constitution is that it makes Mussolinis unconstitutional.

•

Before Congress adjourned for Christmas, the members seemed inclined to take a reserved attitude toward the seventeen-billion-dollar European-aid program. Perhaps our lawmakers will be more in the mood for it now that they've filled a few stockings at home.

•

The plan to build a great new Madison Square Garden at Columbus Circle has turned up again. The old public park has certainly had its name scattered about indiscriminately over the years.

•

Washington newspapermen polled by *Look* think that Dewey is most likely to succeed Truman as President. The reporters evidently assume that the Governor can be shaken from his iron determination to stay where he is.

•

In the New York area, Christmas trade was about ten per cent more profitable than last year, but the increase is accounted for by the higher prices of presents. Givers this year were more generous, through no fault of their own.

•

The new calendars remind us that Election Day in 1948 falls on November 2nd, the earliest possible date. Soothsayers and readers of almanacs point out that the last time this happened, the country suffered a severe Harding landslide.

•

A poll of ten cities shows that the majority of housewives are failing to observe meatless Tuesday. Many families follow the old custom of abstaining from meat only on the days they can't afford to have any in the house.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"Tenski"
by White Stag
No need to knit when you can be smug with the "hand-knit" look in this breathless White Stag sweater. Of soft 100% virgin wool yarns that hug the warmth close to your body. White, Grey, Heather, Maize or Navy, trimmed in contrasting colors! Small, medium, large.
Companion sweater in men's sizes.
$10.95
Waterproofed gabardine downhill pants starting at $15.95
White Stag
SKI TOGS
WHITE STAG MFG. CO. PORTLAND, OREGON
at top stores

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The completion of our two new, magnificent ballrooms

BALLROOM BAROQUE

Seating capacity 300

BALLROOM MODÉRNE

Seating capacity 300

For those who are contemplating a social function in the near future, an invitation is extended to visit and inspect these two new beautiful ballrooms.

Available for weddings, receptions, dances, banquets, sales meetings, exhibits, lectures.

Call Mr. Halpern, Banquet Mgr.
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HOTEL
Belmont
PLAZA
LEXINGTON AVE. at 50th ST.

Our Brothers' Keepers

Millions all over the world today are suffering an undeserved and cruel fate—a fate that, except for a difference in geography, might well be yours. Put yourself in their place and decide for *yourself* whether *you* can *refuse* to be your brother's keeper.

The peace for which we all fought together cannot be realized if hunger and privation stalk across more than half the world, if the grim spectre of another war lurks amid the misery and discontent engendered by our real enemy—famine overseas.

Give Them This Day . . . Contribute to your local American Overseas Aid—United Nations Appeal for Children; or to AOA-UNAC National Headquarters, 39 Broadway, New York 6, N. Y.

PLANNING A TRIP? . . .
RENT A CAR
DAY • WEEK • MONTH
Chase 438 W. 57th CI. 5-4556
"YOU DRIVE IT"

DRUNK ON THE TRAIN

THE drunk was an old, very fat man. He walked uncertainly through the train, talking loudly enough to be heard above the sound of the wheels. People sitting alone looked over their shoulders at him and then put their hats and coats or a magazine on the empty seats beside them so he wouldn't sit down. When he paused, they said, "Sorry, this one's taken," and he stumbled along from one car to another.

"Oh, I'm everybody's friend," he said. "Old Jim is decent. A good old cuss, they say. Everybody's friend."

Miss Upland turned around almost with amusement to see who was making the noise behind her. She was shocked by the drunk's ugliness and returned to her book. Tense all over, she heard the old man coming closer. Then she smelled a sweet, sickish odor, and heard him say, "Hello, lady."

Miss Upland pretended to concentrate on the book.

"I can tell by your face that you're friendly, lady," he said. "A good, kind, well-brung-up lady. Mind if I sit down?"

Miss Upland felt that everyone in the car was leaning forward to hear what she would say. "I'd rather you didn't," she said.

"Now, lady, that's no way to act," the drunk said. "I ain't trying to make a pass at you." He placed a huge red hand on the back of the seat and leaned down slowly until his face wavered in front of her eyes. Her nostrils were filled with his breath.

"I'll tell you a secret that will make you feel safe, lady," he said. "I can't have nothing to do with women. I'm too old."

"Please go away," she said. She was angry not only at the drunk but at all the other passengers in the car. There were plenty of men there, she was sure, who would have picked up her handkerchief if she'd dropped it, but when she glanced desperately around her, she saw that all the men were sitting quiet, betraying no interest. Then her seat jolted, and the drunk was sitting beside her.

"You know," he said, "I'm a seafaring man. I'm a veteran. I been to sea all my life, and I been torpedoed twice. Look, lady."

He took from his inside coat pocket a large brown leather wallet and held it out to her. She took it, then wished she hadn't. She saw the edges of folded bills. My God, she thought, I *would* be sitting beside a drunk and holding his money.

"Look in it," he said. "Look at the papers."

"No," she said. "Here, please take it back."

"Open it, lady," the old man said. "You don't believe I was torpedoed two times. Open it and see."

She opened the wallet. A faded photograph of a girl fell out, and she stuffed it back quickly.

"Those papers there," the drunk said. "Look at them."

She unfolded the papers. There was a merchant-marine identification card with a photograph of the drunk with his hair combed, and several documents pertaining to his service at sea. She looked at them without being able to focus her attention, folded them and put them back in the wallet, and handed it to him.

"Been to sea all my life," the drunk said, "and never got no higher than seaman. And this morning I was fired."

He moved toward her, and she retreated into the corner of the seat until her shoulder rested against the window. "I'm sorry you were fired," she said.

"The Chief did it," he said. " 'Jim,' the Chief told me, 'you get the hell off of here. You're no good to me and *no good to yourself*. What you ought to do is go off somewhere and die!' " The drunk paused. "That's what he said. And do you know what I said? I said, 'I'll go, all right, but I won't die. I'll be working while you're rotting in your grave!' That's what I said. I had the last word, you understand."

He took a pint of whiskey from the stretched side pocket of his coat, unscrewed the top, wiped the neck off with his hand, and asked, "Have a drink?"

"No, thanks," she said.

He shrugged and took a deep gulp himself, spilling some liquor down his vest as he did so.

"I'm a sailor," he said as he put the bottle back in his pocket. "Been a sailor all my life." Then he started to sing, " 'On the road to Mandalay, where the flying fishes play, and the dawn comes up like thunder—' " He paused. "That's a hell of a thing," he said. "How can the dawn come up like thunder?"

"A lot of people have wondered," she said. "That's a much-debated line."

"Say, lady, you sound mighty educated," he said. "You been to Vassar?"

"No," Miss Upland said, and immediately felt ashamed of herself, for the odd part of it was that she *had* been to Vassar, and she couldn't understand why she had lied.

"What college *did* you go to, lady?" the drunk said.

"I didn't go to any," she replied, and felt more ridiculous than ever.

"My name's Jim Murphy," he said. "What's your name, lady?"

He held out a hand. Miss Upland glanced at it and saw that all the fingernails were bitten to the quick. The picture of that tremendous man solemnly sitting somewhere biting his fingernails was so disgusting and so pathetic that she looked up quickly, only to be confronted by his face.

"What's your name?" he asked.

She almost said, "Miss Smith," but then it seemed absurd for her to be sitting there giving an assumed name and she said firmly, "My name is Upland—Dorothy Upland."

He folded her hand in his. "Glad to know you, Dotty," he said. "You're a swell gal."

"I'm glad to know you, too," she heard herself saying primly.

"I'm going to do something for you," the drunk said. "I'm going to tell you a poem."

He settled back in the seat, opened his vest, and stared contemplatively out the window at the barren New England landscape rolling by. " 'A Man's Best Friend Is His Dog,' " he said. " 'Others may leave him, fame and fortune may fly away, but a man's dog licks the hand that has no food to feed him—' " He stopped and looked at her. "Some people can say that so it sounds better," he said. "I heard a man who could say it so it rhymed, but the way I said it, it means the same."

"I'm sure it does," Miss Upland said.

"Tell me, Dotty," he said, "are you a schoolteacher?"

"No," she said, and then, with the feeling that she was making a confession, she added, "I'm a librarian."

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I'm going to New York," she said, and still couldn't understand the almost irresistible temptation to tell him anything but the truth. She became angry at herself and, out of a sort of masochism, invited conversation by saying, "Where are you going?"

He looked blank. "Well, Dotty, you see, I don't have a ship. This morning, I was fired. During the war, they needed old bastards like me, but now they've got all the young kids they want, and I'm on the beach. The Chief did it. He said, 'You get the hell off of here—' "

Miss Upland turned her head away and steeled herself.

" 'You're no good to me and no good to yourself. What you ought to do is

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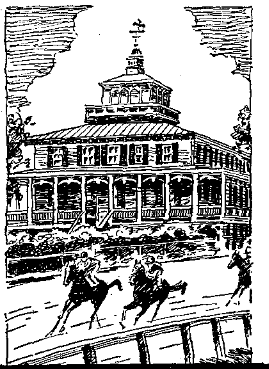

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go off somewhere and die!' That's what the Chief said."

"I'm sorry," Miss Upland said.

"That's all right, Dotty," the drunk said. "I'm going to New York now, and if I can't get a ship there, I'm going back to Rockville, Ohio. I don't have to tell them there that I been torpedoed twice. They all know it. During the war, the minister of the church and the Chamber of Commerce used to send me things like cigarettes and razor blades. In Rockville, they all know old Jim."

The train had started to slow down. The noise of the wheels lessened and the drunk's voice became proportionately louder. When the train stopped, his voice commanded the whole car.

"I been back to Rockville twice in the last thirty years," he said. "I'm a big man there. They knew my father and they knew my mother, and they know I'm decent. They ask me questions about the places I've been, and I tell them about New Guinea and Africa and the Chinks, and all them places."

Miss Upland saw the conductor coming toward them from the front end of the car. The drunk didn't see him and kept right on talking loudly.

"There was a girl in Rockville tried to marry me thirty years ago," he said. "Dorothy was her name, same as yours—looked a little like you, too, if you don't mind my saying so. And her old man wanted me to marry her, because he thought I'd been fooling around her, but I hadn't, though I could have if I'd wanted to. But I've always been decent. Old Jim Murphy was taught by the nuns, you know, and it's left something decent in me. When I was a child, my mother sent me to a convent school, and—"

"All right, now," the conductor said. "You pipe down or get off the train!"

The drunk's head jerked up. "What?" he said.

"Keep quiet," the conductor said. "Quit bothering the other passengers or I'll put you off the train."

"What have I done?" the drunk asked.

"You've been causing a disturbance, and you've been bothering this lady."

To everyone's amazement, the drunk started to cry. "Excuse me, excuse me, excuse me," he whimpered. "Oh, excuse me!"

"Come on," the conductor said. "You come with me."

A woman in the back of the car laughed and said, "They're going to put him off the train. It's about time!"

The conductor, who was a mild-appearing little man, looked at the drunk

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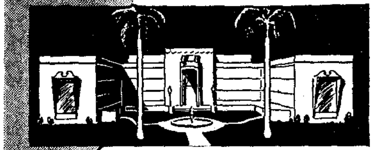

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a moment and said, "I won't put you off the train if you keep quiet, but I'll find you another seat. You come with me. You're bothering this lady."

The drunk stopped crying and stared at Miss Upland, who was sitting with her head bowed so that she wouldn't have to look at anybody.

"Was I bothering you?" he said.

Before Miss Upland could say anything, the conductor smiled at her and said, "I'll take him along, Ma'am, and find him a nice seat somewhere by himself."

"I want to sit here by Dotty," the drunk said.

The conductor took hold of the man's arm and pulled him, but the drunk sagged in his seat. "You leave me here," he said. "You got no call to move me unless this lady says she wants me to go. She and me are friends. She wouldn't even take a drink off of me, but she sat there by me, and she understands."

"You come with me or I'll put you off the train," the conductor said, and tugged harder.

Without warning, the drunk twisted, put his huge hand on the conductor's chest, and sent him backward into the lap of the man sitting across the aisle. The conductor picked himself up, and almost at the same instant he was joined by two trainmen, who had come from another car. The three of them grabbed the drunk, hoisted him out of his seat, and propelled him down the passageway. "This is where you get off," one of them said. "Take it easy." They got the old man through the door at the front of the car.

Miss Upland looked out the window and a moment later saw the drunk surrounded by trainmen on the station platform. The men let go of him and stood waiting tensely to see if he would attack them, but he just stood there, swaying a little and looking bewildered. A railroad policeman came up, spoke with the conductor, and put his hand on the drunk's arm. He said something to the drunk, and the conductor and trainmen got back aboard the train, and it soon started to move. Miss Upland kept her eyes on the old man and when she drew abreast of him, he looked up and their eyes met. She smiled. It suddenly seemed very important that he should smile back, but he just stared at her without any sign of recognition.

—SLOAN WILSON

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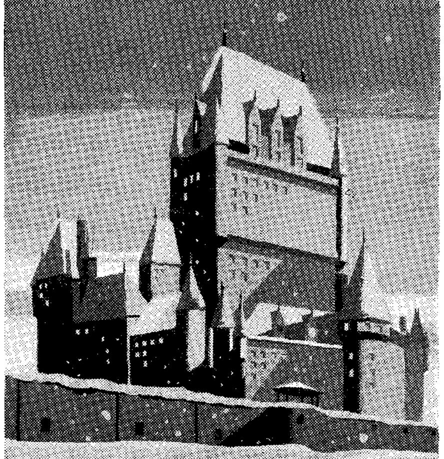

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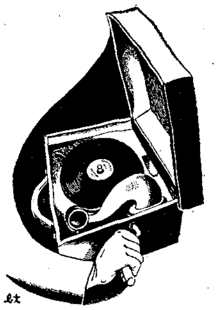
MUSICAL EVENTS

Popular Records

WELL, the "Allegro" album (Victor K-11) is out. I've already expressed my disappointment over two well-plugged songs from this musical—"So Far" and "A Fellow Needs a Girl"—which appeared on individual records some time ago, so now I'd like to fill in on the rest of the album, which constitutes a pretty thorough rendering, by members of the Broadway cast and the show's orchestra, of a fairly diverting score. The unusual thing about it is that it is most engaging in its situation numbers and dull principally in songs conveying those familiar sentiments that Rodgers and Hammerstein have in the past generally been able to enliven with cheerful flights of fancy. Of the twelve selections in the album, about half struck me as entertaining. The order of presentation is the same as that in the show, which, as you must have heard, covers the high spots in the first thirty-five years of a doctor's life. The album starts off with "Joseph Taylor, Jr.," an attractive chorus number announcing his birth; "I Know It Can Happen Again," a tender and confident prediction by his grandmother of his successful growth; and "One Foot, Other Foot," a bright and martial comment, by the chorus, on the baby's first steps. Next come "A Fellow Needs a Girl," the father's trite, consoling message to the mother when the boy goes off to school, and "So Far," a weak bit of musical seduction by a college-town girl. With these out of the way, we get to the beguiling "You Are Never Away," in which Joseph Taylor, Jr., moons over his girl back home, and then to the marriage scene, which begins with "To Have and to Hold," a fragment of the ceremony set to music and sung by the chorus, and concludes with what is probably the most imaginative number, musically, in the score—the tintinnabular "Wish Them Well," in which the voices of the chorus suggest the tolling of wedding bells. "Money Isn't Everything," a satiric number delivered by a female quintet, opens the second, or marital, half of "Allegro" and is the gayest piece in the show. It is succeeded by a mediocre pair—"The Gentleman Is a Dope," a torch song, and the title number, a labored choral barb directed at city life among the well-heeled. "Come Home," an annoyingly maudlin sentiment, somehow put across sweetly and compellingly by the ghost of the mother, winds things up. I don't think I need mention any of the singers except Annamary Dickey (there is nothing especially distinguished about the others), a lyric soprano who used to function at the Metropolitan Opera House and who, as the mother, has the most reassuring voice in the cast. The chorus is mettlesome and carries out everything to the letter, refusing even to sacrifice the "t" in "often." There's one other thing that occurs to me about this album. It betrays, I think (and I've taken into consideration the fact that the early parts of the story are set in the first years of this century), something rather dated and exhaustingly naïve about the carefully manufactured style of Rodgers and Hammerstein. It is confusing and a trifle wry that these two men should nonetheless be extending the boundaries of our musical-comedy stage in a heartening manner.



ANOTHER current Broadway musical, "High Button Shoes," has been picked over for the makings of an album (Victor K-10) by members of the company, and the pickings, it must be reported, are lean. The songs are just not good enough, and Phil Silvers, the comedian in the show, should never have been forced—surely he didn't come along willingly—to record the two sides on which he is heard: "There's Nothing Like a Model 'T' " and "Nobody Ever Died for Dear Old Rutgers." The lyrics are almost uniformly inept and the music, for the most part, is doggedly earthbound. The rest of the titles in the album are "I Still Get Jealous," "On a Sunday by the Sea," "Get Away for a Day," "Papa, Won't You Dance with Me?," "You're My Girl," and "Can't You Just See Yourself?" (If you must have something from "High Button Shoes," you'd be better advised to listen to Frank Sinatra's characteristic performance of the last two, which are the best songs in the score anyway, on Columbia single No. 37978.) The singers, in addition to Silvers and a ragged chorus, are Nanette Fabray, Jack McCauley, Johnny Stewart, a serviceable baritone named Mark Dawson, and a deathly shrill soprano named Lois Lee, who sometimes

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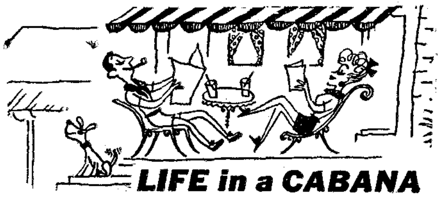

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I THINK you'll get a good deal of restrained pleasure from the artful and unperturbed performances, by Alvy West and the Little Band, of eight short instrumental pieces composed by West (Columbia album C-152). The Little Band, a sextet made up of a saxophone, played by the leader, an accordion, a trumpet, an electric guitar, a bass, and drums, reminds me—in these examples, at any rate—of the old Raymond Scott sextet, the group that was called a quintet for reasons too tiresome to go into. I think I prefer West's outfit. It may not be quite as determinedly brilliant as Scott's was, but it is admirably efficient and charming to listen to. The pieces in this album—"Mom's Song," "Papa's Tune," "Charm," "Cathy," "Hop, Skip, and Jump," "Tony's Guitar," "Blue Rhumba," and "Uncle Samba"—are useful as well as inviting; you can dance to them. There are two sambas, a rumba, two fox trots, and three jump tunes.

THE superb clarinet playing of Barney Bigard is the best thing about a new Keynote album (K-141) assembled to honor Johnny Guarnieri, a light-fingered pianist, who, as it happens, does practically nothing on his own in it. The set is made up of previously issued performances, all recorded in 1945, by two quintets, one headed by Bigard and the other by J. C. Heard, the drummer. Bigard's team, which includes Cozy Cole as drummer, appears on two sides—"Rose Room" and "Coquette"—in which Guarnieri is heard only briefly. The songs by the Heard unit—and Guarnieri is by no means starred in them, either—are "What's the Use?," "Why Do I Love You?," "All My Life," and "Groovin' with J. C." Buck Clayton, trumpet, and Joe (Flip) Phillips, tenor sax, are members of this group. Unless you're looking for lots of Guarnieri's piano, you won't be disappointed in these recordings, for they contain some superior jazz performances.

A GROUP (Columbia album C-149) of often delightful harp solos by Robert Maxwell was, unfortunately, spoiled in the recording. (The harp would seem to be even more difficult to record than the piano.) Maxwell frolics with "Make Believe," "Ol' Man River," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Who?," "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2," "Fantasy on Chopsticks," "Clair de Lune,"

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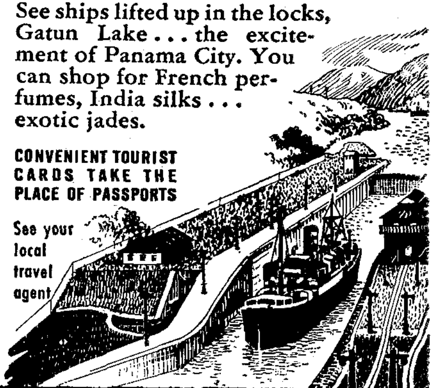

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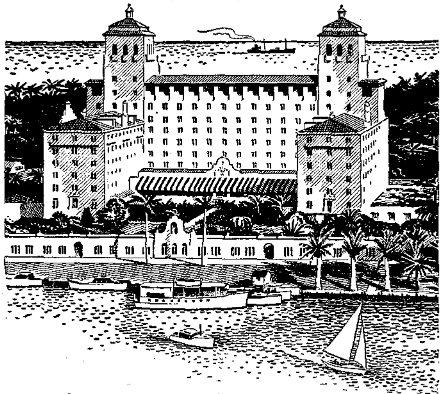

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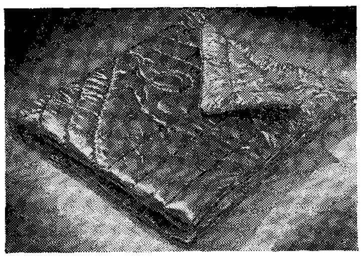

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"Harping on a Harp," "Night and Day," and "Ay, Ay, Ay," but I'm afraid the wilted sound makes the whole thing a trifle depressing.

Now for a couple of single records that caught my fancy:

A BARCELONE and YOU IN MY DREAMS—Maurice Chevalier, with an orchestra. The Barcelona number, which, as you know if you attended Chevalier's recent one-man Broadway show, is spattered with comic and varied utterances of the word "*olè*," and is sung, irresistibly, in French; the other, a small conceit in English, is distinguished only because of his treatment. (*Victor 25-0104*)

I FEEL SO SMOOCHIE and TAKE LOVE EASY—Lena Horne, with an orchestra. The first song isn't quite as provocative as its title, but Miss Horne has injected so much personality into it that it shapes up as a pièce de résistance. The other is an Ellington-Latouche number, not entirely successful but passable, from last season's musical "Beggar's Holiday." (*M-G-M 10108*)

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE A MOTHERLESS CHILD and THE LORD'S PRAYER—Sarah Vaughan, with an orchestra. Miss Vaughan's version of the popular spiritual is compelling, and richer than that of many a concert singer. The other item doesn't suit her so well. (*Musicraft 525*)

MY SIN and DOUBTFUL BLUES—Julia Lee, with a small band made up of some high-powered musicians, including Red Norvo, xylophonist. "My Sin" is an old De-Sylva-Brown-Henderson song I've been waiting for someone, preferably Miss Lee, to get around to again, and she's certainly the girl for it. I wish, though, that she'd sung it straighter and a bit slower. The other number, a standard blues, is greatly enhanced by her fine technique. Norvo's kittenish inventions seem to me completely out of place in both. (*Capitol 40056*)

—D. W.

•

But the one that really caught our eye was a little number called "Moon Mist." It was a period gown, whose white ermine bodice was topped by a billowing black taffeta skirt (pardon, while we drool).
—*San Diego Union.*

Sorry, you'll have to go in the other room.

•

With the Lewiston Police, you can't win. Recently they arrested two women, twins, and charged one of them with lewd and lascivious conduct. The other one was charged with idleness. We had an idea somebody would send that to the New Yorker magazine.—*Lisbon* (*Maine*) *Enterprise.*

How right you were!

•

LIFE IN HOLLYWOOD DEPARTMENT

[*Sheilah Graham in the Mirror*]

Joan Crawford looks exhausted. She came back from N. Y. to find her cook had broken her leg and her nurse was laid up. Life has been rugged for Joan, who's postponing adoption of two more youngsters until her several personal problems calm down.

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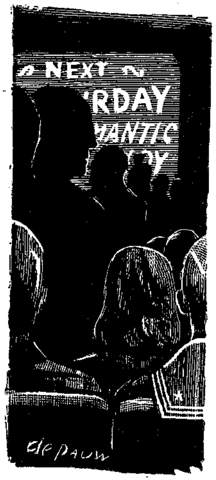
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Great Fun from France

IT'S been a long, long time since any picture has made me laugh as much as "Volpone," a French film that does complete justice to Ben Jonson's play about an antic miser. The screen adaptation, by Jules Romains and Stefan Zweig, takes a number of liberties with the Master's work, but all of them point up the comic nature of his ideas, and I'm sure that Jonson would have approved of every one of them. The piece has the sort of free-wheeling, slapstick air that used to characterize movie comedies in the days before they became articulate and began to substitute dull dialogue for pantomime. There is also plenty of straightforward ribaldry, and a marvellous grab-bag style about the costumes, which look as if all hands had let their sartorial imagination run wild at a rummage sale. As the miser who pretends to be dying just to see how his pals will act, Harry Baur (whose own death is not the least of the crimes the Nazis are accountable for) is the most satisfactory Volpone you ever laid your eyes on, and it is embarrassing to think that there isn't a movie actor in America who could stay within range of the same camera with him and not be reduced to inconsequentiality. The cast that romps through "Volpone" with M. Baur, however, is worthy of him. The fine French talent for making each character in a film an unmistakable individual is almost everywhere apparent; in fact, only Fernand Ledoux, as Corvino, the gentleman who offers his wife to Volpone to ensure a mention in his will, merits a bit of censure, since his performance isn't quite up to the standards of the company he keeps. I could, I suppose, describe all kinds of scenes that might amuse you, but I'll confine myself to mentioning a trial in which a supposed invalid is accused of rape and a policeman is wonderfully droll in his inability to understand why anyone should shout about a seduction in Venice. Well, altogether, "Volpone" is hilarious and you certainly ought to see it. Besides M. Baur, the picture prominently displays Louis Jouvet, who plays Mosca with enormous dash, Jean Temerson (Voltore), Charles Dullin (Corbaccio), and a pair of handsome ladies named Marion Dorian and Jacqueline Delubac.



AFTER seeing "Volpone," I found it difficult to get any reaction from the carryings on of Bob Hope in "Where There's Life," a watered-down business involving a female general from a mythical kingdom and, of course, Mr. Hope. Nobody can say that Mr. Hope doesn't try hard to be funny, but he gives one the feeling in this case that maybe he's trying too *damned* hard.

"HIGH WALL" offers us Robert Taylor as a mixed-up chap who thinks he has strangled his wife. The cops think so, too, but because he's been having trouble with his head, they put him in an asylum instead of a prison. Then Audrey Totter comes along, trying to look like a lady psychiatrist, and before you know it, the film has the doctor and the patient gooing at each other. This is definitely no way to handle a mental case, but, by God, the movies insist that all women in the profession behave like this, and the movies are never wrong. Here is a picture that you can stay away from with pleasure.

"MY WILD IRISH ROSE" is supposed to be a biographical study of Chauncey Olcott. It's about as tedious as most such musical affairs and contains all the allegedly Irish folk songs that make it so tough to have a beer in peace in a good many bars around town. Dennis Morgan has the lead, and he doesn't sound at all the way Chauncey did.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Post*]

QUESTION: From their fathers, Eli Whitney and George Westinghouse inherited much of their inventive genius. They first came in contact with tools in their fathers' workshops. What do you owe your father?

ANSWERS:

LAWRENCE ADLER, College Student, Purser Pl., Yonkers—My character training. He always schooled me in the right way to do things, and how to look at the other fellow's point of view. And in that way I have learned to stand on my own two feet. He also taught me to play the trumpet.

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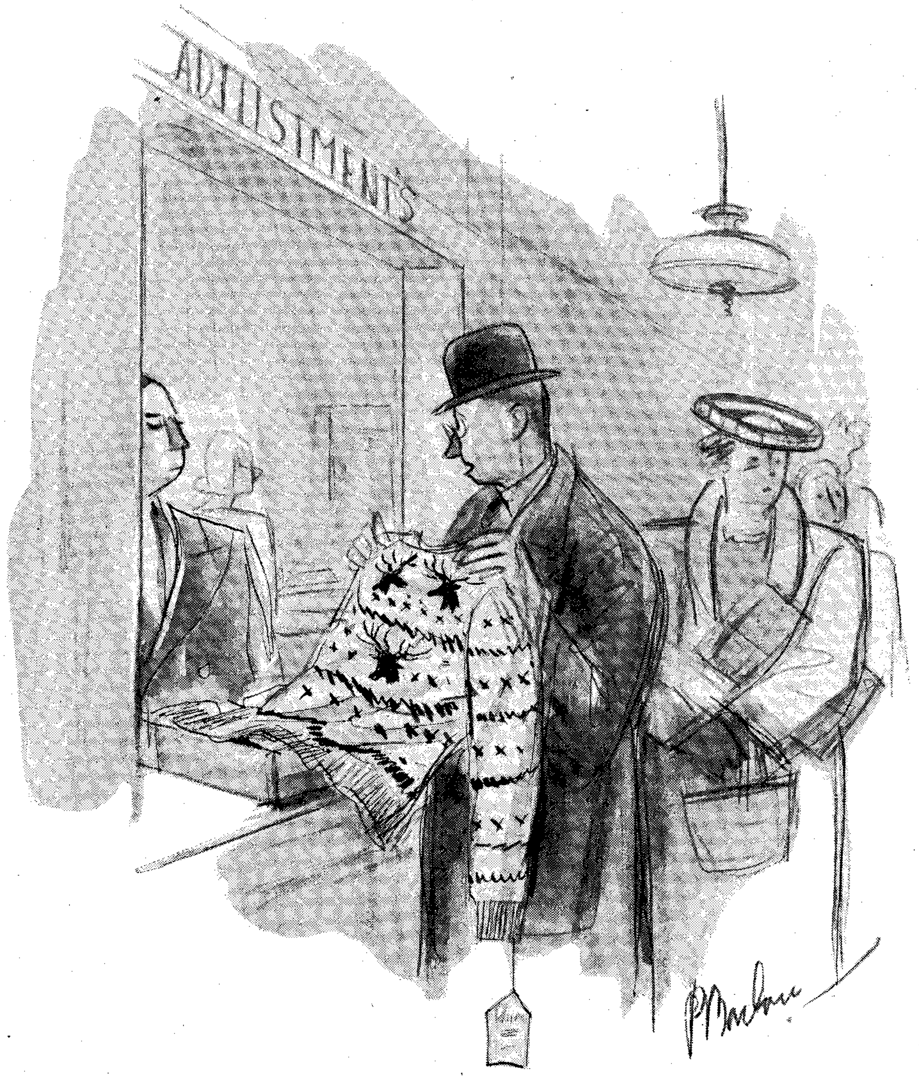
BOOKS

The Kinsey Report

THE first volume has now been published of a massive—indeed, monumental—report on sex by Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, of Indiana University, and his two associates, Wardell B. Pomeroy and Clyde E. Martin. It is "Sexual Behaviour in the Human Male" (W. B. Saunders), a solid book of eight hundred and four pages, with a full complement of charts and tables. There will be at least eight more volumes, dealing separately with such matters as marriage, prostitution, sexual patterns in women, and problems arising in prisons and other institutions where the sexes are segregated. As you must have already heard, this study was begun nine years ago and will continue for at least twenty years more. The information is being gathered by interviews conducted by a small group of highly trained investigators. Talks with more than twelve thousand people had been analyzed by the time this first volume went to press, and data on fifty-three hundred white males among these form the basis for the present material. Some ninety thousand additional interviews will be made. The money for the project has come from Indiana University and, chiefly, the Medical Division of the Rockefeller Foundation, through the Committee for Research on Problems in Sex of the National Research Council.

No other report of a scientific investigation has ever been launched with such carefully planned publicity as was this volume. Newspapers and magazines were given release dates for articles about the study to be printed in advance of the book's publication, and Dr. Kinsey and his associates stipulated that manuscripts of the articles must be submitted to them for checking. There was a good reason for these precautions; the Kinsey report probably contains more dynamite than any other scientific document since Darwin's "The Origin of Species." One or two popular magazines, after arranging with the Kinsey group to run articles on the study, evidently decided, on reflection, to omit all discussion of the facts in the report and simply go in for jolly word portraits of Dr. Kinsey and accounts of his interviewing technique. The mere news that the study was in progress aroused expressions of deep hostility. The authors say, in the book's introduction, that they were "repeatedly warned of the dangers involved in the undertaking and were threatened with specific trouble." In two or three cities where the interviews were held, the police interfered. In one town, a medical association tried to bring suit against the investigators, on the ground that they were practicing medicine without a license. A high-school teacher was dismissed for having helped gather material in his spare time. A hotel manager refused to allow interviews under his roof. "Attempts were made," the authors say demurely, "to persuade the University's administration to stop the study, or to prevent the publication of the results, or to dismiss the senior author [Dr. Kinsey himself] from his university connection, or to establish a censorship over all publication emanating from the study."

One might well wonder why this report, prepared in a cool scientific spirit by an Indiana University zoologist, should arouse so much hostility, even before it was published. A summary of the main facts that Dr. Kinsey has brought out in the initial volume may answer that question. First, this volume shows that the sex impulse exists in every individual, of whatever age, beginning in infancy; that in nearly everybody it is enormously powerful; and that it has numerous forms of expression. Second, there is a vast gulf between the realities of behavior and the moral pretensions of the community, between what we do and what we say we do. Third, there is a wide disparity in the sexual activity of individuals. Fourth, sexual activity begins much earlier than most people think and continues longer than is commonly believed, even, though in dimin-



"You know how it is. Sometimes a wife will let her enthusiasm warp her judgment—with all the love in the world, of course."

ishing amount, through the seventh and eighth decades of life; and the period of highest activity in the male comes much earlier than is generally supposed, between the ages of sixteen and twenty.

The Kinsey report also reveals a widespread failure to live up to the popular ideals of virginity until marriage and monogamy thereafter. Eighty-five per cent of all men who marry have had some sexual relations with women before marriage. Nearly one-half of all married men have extramarital relations. Moreover, more than one-third of all men have engaged in homosexual practices at some time or other after the start of adolescence. There is a definite difference between the patterns of sexual activity of men who go to college and the patterns of those who leave school at an early age, which means, roughly, between the patterns of the well-to-do and the patterns of the poor. The latter are much more likely to engage in premarital sexual activities, though rarely with the girls they marry. They are also far more intolerant of most types of perversion. (Such practices, the report indicates, are so common that "perverted" begins to have a slightly ironical sound.) It is often said that the sex impulse can be sublimated —turned aside into artistic or other forms of creative endeavor. This volume shows no evidence that this is true; on the contrary, it justifies a strong inference that it is not. The sexual power of each individual appears to be an inborn characteristic; evidently it is diminished neither by extensive sexual activity at any one period of life nor by the expenditure of energy in other directions.

MANY laymen are inclined to belittle an investigation like the Kinsey report. It is argued, for instance, that people will not answer inquiries of this nature honestly, that they will either conceal important facts or boastfully falsify the facts about their sexual prowess. The people interrogated in this case appear to have revealed no disposition to exaggerate their records. There is sometimes a tendency to conceal information that is generally considered unsavory, but the interviewers have developed techniques for gaining confidence and persuading the subjects to speak freely. Elaborate pains are taken to make sure that the identity of the persons interrogated will never be divulged. The interviews are long, lasting several hours, and sometimes are conducted over a period of several days. From three hundred to five hundred questions are asked, and some of the later ones are de-

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signed to trap people who have made false answers. Occasionally, a whole interview will be repeated after several months. Another frequent hostile comment is that such investigations prove only what everyone already knew. But the Kinsey study contains material that will startle nearly everyone, and even if the findings merely confirmed what a few interested authorities already suspected, they would still be of great value. They supply masses of detailed facts to those who need them, such as parents, teachers, psychiatrists, ministers, and legislators.

The dynamite in the Kinsey report lies in the possibility that it may prove that important changes in our laws and social customs are desirable. The wide discrepancy between what we preach and what we practice is clearly a source of danger. Millions of people, as Dr. Kinsey points out, carry within themselves a load of guilt, because they believe they belong to a small minority that, in any one of a half-dozen ways, has transgressed the moral law. Some of these individuals break down under their burden and end up in psychiatrists' offices or hospitals, and even when they do not, their suffering is often severe. To be sure, people might still regret their actions, even after coming into possession of the Kinsey facts, but there is a substantial difference between remorse over having acted as a member of one per cent of the population and remorse over having acted as a member of ninety per cent. The sharp divergence between the sexual practices of the less well educated and those of the better-educated class creates trouble when laws are written primarily by the better-educated class, from the standpoint of its own mores. Both the law and social opinion assume that the sexual characteristics of nearly all individuals are practically identical. Actually, there can be a variation in sexual vigor between husband and wife, for example, in a ratio of as much as one to thirty. The number of unsuccessful marriages, which is far larger than is indicated even by the present divorce rate, is, according to the Kinsey figures, closely associated with this matter. Not only the individual's feeling of guilt but the social and legal penalties imposed upon those who are exposed as practitioners of various perversions are, in general, based on the assumption that such individuals are a minute fraction of the population, people who are potentially normal but have chosen through sheer wickedness to transgress the laws of God and man. When it is proved, as the Kinsey report apparently does prove, that one or another of these perversions is practiced consistently by a huge proportion of the population, the matter is seen in a different light, and eventually it will, no doubt, have to be dealt with in that light. Roughly the same thing is true of the attitude of most parents toward infantile eroticism and adolescent sexual activities. Parents' alarms about the physiological consequences of most of these practices would seem to be unwarranted, and so does the heavy burden of fear and guilt they lay upon their children for acting like almost all other children. Since sexual powers are, at least in the male, at their maximum before the age of twenty, the fact that we postpone marriage to a later and later part of the twenties obviously creates a problem.

IT is hard to say just what social influence will eventually result from this volume, or from the rest of the report. The study itself demonstrates how deeply rooted are sexual habits and attitudes, how impervious to all efforts at "reformation," how resistant to change. If the gap between practice and theory is to be closed, it is theory that must be altered, and the difficulty of such a task is immeasurable. Yet social change does take place. Dr. Kinsey and his colleagues have indicated areas in which such change is needed.

Meanwhile, this book and the subsequent volumes are sure to be widely read; sex is always news. While the language is that of science, and many people will find some of the statements unendurably frank, the style is lively and simple. "The book is intended," say the publishers severely, "primarily for workers in the fields of medicine, biology, psychology, sociology, anthropology, and allied sciences, and for teachers, social workers, personnel officers, law-enforcement groups, and oth-

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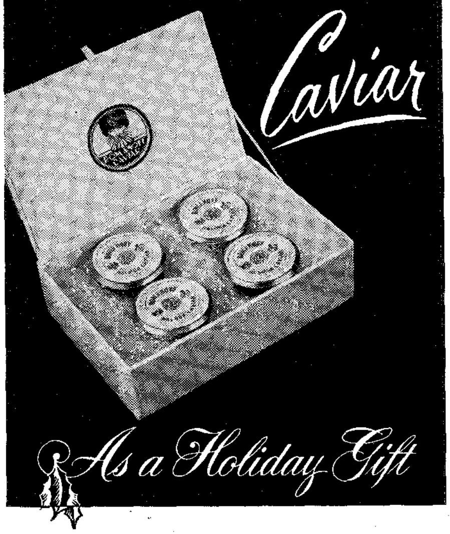

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—Bruce Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Eagle at My Eyes, by Norman Katkov (Doubleday). An honest first novel by a young man who seems to have a lot to get off his chest. It is the story of a young Middle Western newspaperman of Jewish parentage who, after an unconscionable amount of self-flagellation, marries a Gentile, which stirs up a violent emotional storm among his family and friends and eventually plunges him into a permanent neurosis. The book differs from other recent tracts and novels about Jewish-Gentile relationships in its author's insistent and artistically regrettable preoccupation with what he presents as the savage anti-Gentilism among the Jews of St. Paul, Minnesota, where the novel is set, and, by implication, of the entire country. The writing occasionally is vigorous, but the author's narrative technique, which is marked by ceaseless backing and filling and the use of vulgarisms that are more distasteful than earthy, is somewhat exasperating.

GENERAL

Defeat in the West, by Milton Shulman (Dutton). A study of the Third Reich on its way down, with particular emphasis on the Germans' strategic miscalculations, which contributed to the Wehrmacht's degeneration from a phalanx of assured newsreel dandies to a herd of shabby and dispirited prison-cage ciphers. Mr. Shulman's findings, assembled from what he learned about the German Army while serving as a Canadian Intelligence officer, bear out the popular notion that German battle plans frequently reflected the Führer's special, erratic touch, but they also indicate that the German officer corps was quite doltish enough to have lost the war on its own. The most noteworthy section of the book is the author's record of his postwar interviews with a number of Hitler's deflated generals. Photographs and maps.

Man's Last Choice, by E. M. Friedwald (Viking). Still another analysis of our contorted era. The author, a French scientist and political writer

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who has been living in England since 1940, contends that the Western world has arrived at that climactic moment in the life of a civilization when it either rushes on to further glories or suffers a fatal thrombosis. The longevity of Western civilization depends, Mr. Friedwald believes, on our ability to establish a world government. Instead of dreaming about a perfect world state, however, he suggests that the United Nations representatives warm up to the idea of limited national sovereignty by going ahead with the Lilienthal-Baruch formula for international control of the atomic bomb, even if it means parting company with the Soviet Union for a time.

LIBERIA, by Charles Morrow Wilson (Sloane). A thorough and carefully written progress report on Africa's only republic, which, since its creation, by a group of enfranchised American Negroes a hundred years ago, has withstood British and French acquisitiveness, American indifference, and the occasional separatist tendencies of its own citizens. Mr. Wilson does not claim that the Liberians have put all their hard years behind them, but he thinks that with the assistance of such comparatively recent friends as the Firestone Rubber Company, the American Foundation for Tropical Medicine, and the United States Navy, they stand an excellent chance of proving that democracy, if conscientiously tended, will thrive in any climate.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF TYCHO BRAHE, by John Allyne Gade (Princeton). A biography of the Danish astronomer, written to commemorate the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth. The author is concerned more with Brahe's irritable temperament and unorthodox household habits than with his importance as an astronomer; for an estimate of that, he is willing to accept the opinion held by Brahe himself, who felt that his observations on equinoxes and the digressions of the stars were at least as significant as the planetary theories of his associate Kepler.

ILLUSTRATORS OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS, 1744-1945, compiled by Bertha E. Mahony, Louise Payson Latimer, and Beulah Folmsbee (Horn Book). This huge volume will be invaluable to librarians, teachers, parents, and anyone else interested in the graphic arts. The core of the book consists of ten essays, by ten writers who trace the development of illustrated children's books from the seventh-century illuminated Latin schoolbooks of the Venerable Bede to the prolific bloom of modern juveniles. The quality of the writing and the thoroughness of the research vary widely from essay to essay, and the early days are handled better than the later. The book also contains brief biographies of more than three hundred living illustrators, and two extensive bibliographies, compiled by Louise Latimer, of the District of Columbia Public Library. One of these lists illustrators of juvenile literature and the other authors, apparently chosen because their books happen to have illustrations suitable for children. The big volume is profusely illustrated, and the pictures, perfectly reproduced (none, though, are in color), are in themselves worth the stiff price of $15. There are, to name a few, examples of Caldecott, Greenaway, Lear, and Rackham; Doré, de Monvel, and Mussino ("Pinocchio"); Howard Pyle and A. B. Frost ("Uncle Remus"); and work by contemporary illustrators whose skill and humor enrich the new books your children are reading today.

THE COMPLETE FLY FISHERMAN, edited and with an introduction by John McDonald (Scribner). A large and informative volume of trout lore, consisting of many of the letters and contributions to sporting periodicals written by the late Theodore Gordon, a wealthy recluse who ghosted along the streams of this state forty years ago and was perhaps the closest counterpart of Izaak Walton this country will ever have.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE WHIP, by Sara Elizabeth Mason (Morrow). The sympathies of a psychiatrist in a Midwestern city are aroused by a young woman who can't remember whether or not she bumped off her ill-tempered Aunt Sophie. After a study of the suspect's history, the doctor does some rather intuitive detective work and beats the police to a solution of the case. Some nice, grim atmospheric touches lift the book a bit above the average.

●

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[*From The New Yorker*]

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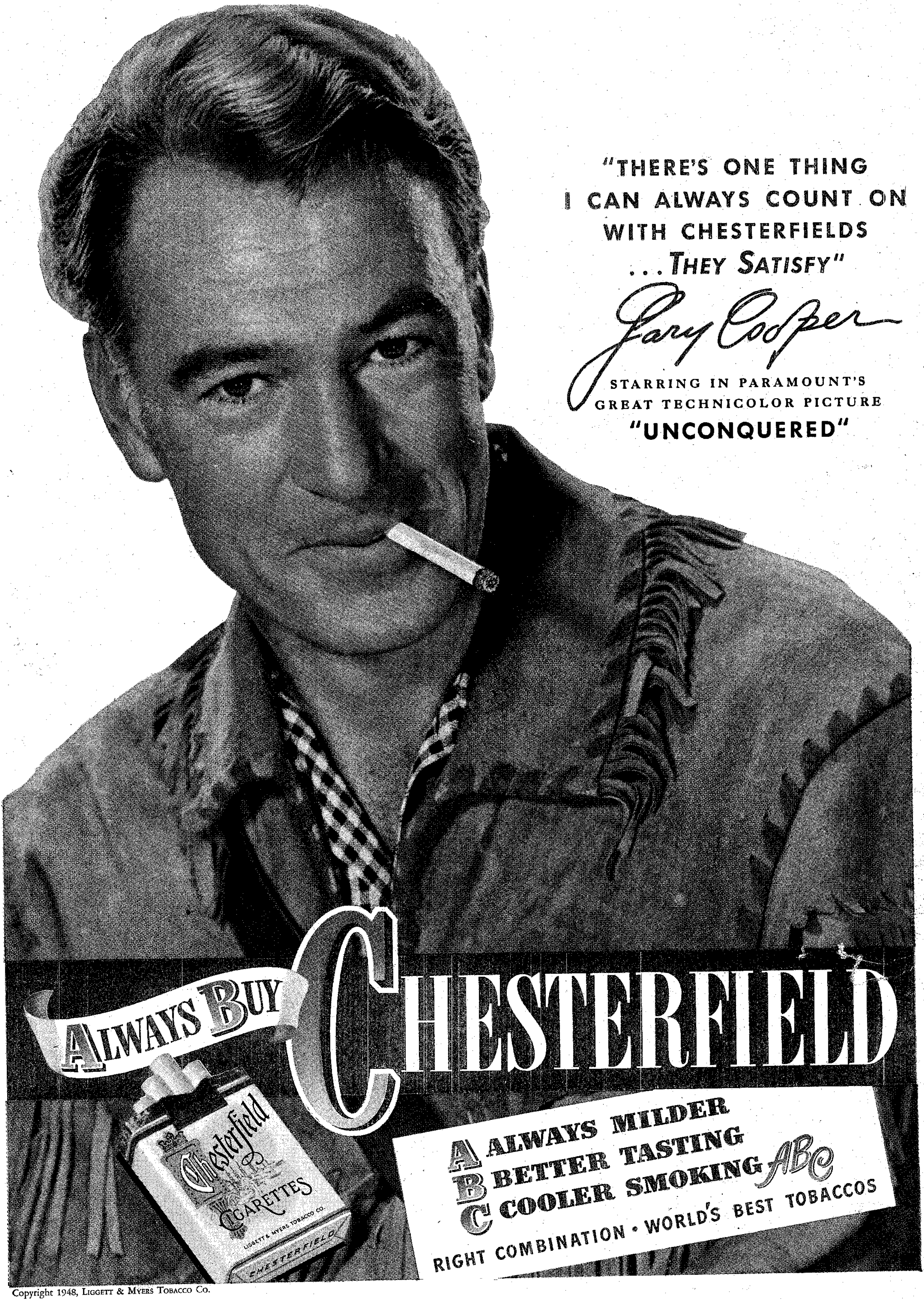
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GREAT TECHNICOLOR PICTURE
"UNCONQUERED"

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